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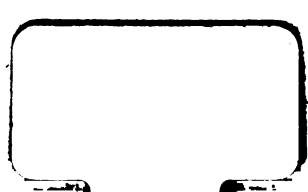
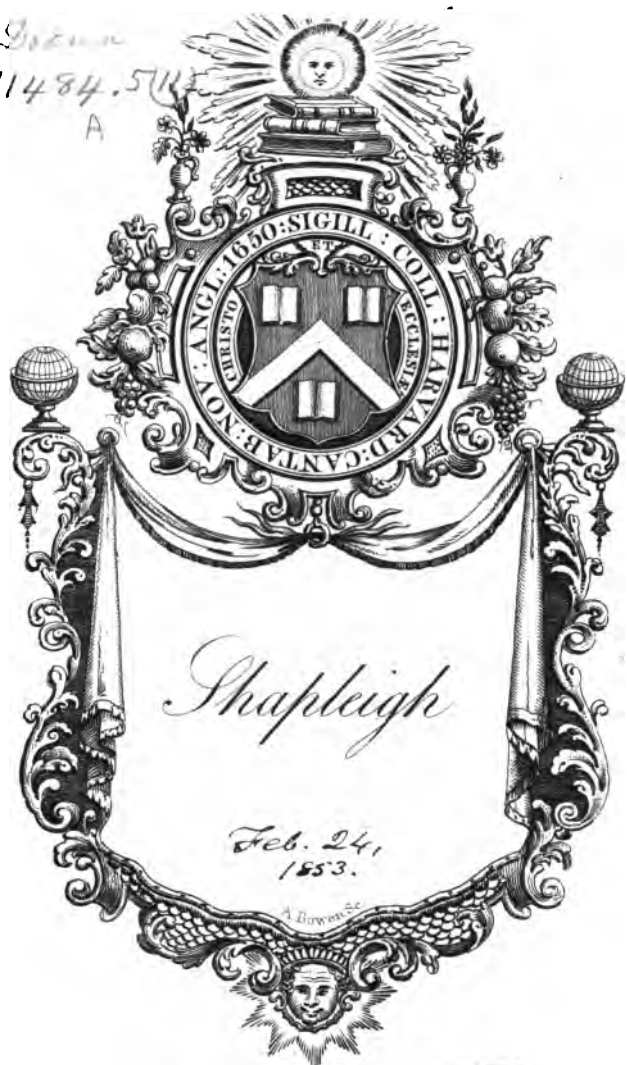
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T I M O N,

A PLAY.

NOW FIRST PRINTED.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



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P R E F A C E.

The following notices of the present drama occur in the Preliminary Remarks on *Timon of Athens*,—*Shakespeare*, vol. xiii., 244-5, ed. 1821.

“ Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare’s banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent, in *King Lear*,) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by dig-

ging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one.”—*Steevens*.

“To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon’s being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.”—*Malone*.

From the possession of Strutt, the MS. of *Timon* passed (perhaps not immediately) into that of Mr. Heber, at the sale of whose library it was purchased by Mr. Rodd the bookseller, and afterwards became mine. It is an apograph by two transcribers, the portions copied out by the one differing greatly in the character of the handwriting from those executed by the other.

This play was evidently intended for the amusement of an academic audience. That it was really acted, a strong presumptive proof is afforded by the stage-direction at page 79, which originally stood, “*Enter Timon and Laches with either a spade in their hands,*” but which has been carefully altered to “*Enter Timon and Laches with 3 spades in their hands,*”—because a third spade was required for the use of Gelasimus in a later part of the scene.

I leave to others a minute discussion of the question, whether or not Shakespeare was indebted to the present piece. I shall merely observe, that I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama, which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented.

A. DYCE.

Page 8, line 25. Perhaps the proper pointing of this passage (though against that of the MS.) is,

“ Plaid at her window on my sweete string’d lute ;
I sung her loue songs,” &c.

TIMON.

B

THE ACTORS NAMES.

1. TIMON.
2. LACHES, his faythfull seruant.
3. EUTRAPELUS, a dissolate young man.
4. GELASIMUS, a cittie heyre.
5. PSEUDOCHEUS, a lying trauailor.
6. DEMEAS, an orator.
7. PHILARGURUS, a couetous churlish ould man.
8. HE[R]MOGENES, a fidler.
9. ABYSSUS, a vsurer.
10. LOLLIO, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
11. STILPO
12. SPEUSIPPUS } two lying philosophers.
13. GRUNNIO, a leane seruant of Philargurus.
14. OBBA, Tymons butler.
15. PÆDIO, Gelasimus page.
- 16, 17. Two serieants.
18. A sailer.
19. CALLIMELA, Philargurus daughter.
20. BLATTE, her pratling nurse.

[Musicians, and Page to Hermogenes]

SCENE—Athens.

TIMON.

THE FIRST ACT.

SCEN. 1^{ma}.

Enter TIMON and LACHES.

Tim. Laches, hast thou receau'd my rents?

Lach. Master, I haue,
And brought in sacks filled with goulden talents :
Is't your pleasure that I cast them into pryson?

Tim. Into pryson ! whye soe ?

Lach. Lett your chests be the pryson,
Your locks the keeper, and your keyes the porter,
Otherwise they'le fly away, swyfter then birds or wyndes.

Tim. I will noe miser bee.
Flye, Gould, enioye the sunn beames ! 'tis not fitt
Bright Gould should lye hidd in obscuritie ;
I'le rather scatter it among the people :
Lett poore men somewhat take of my greate plenty ;
I would not haue them greiue that they went empty
From Timons threshold, and I will not see
My pensive freinds to pyne with penurie.

Lach. Who beares a princelie mynd needes princelie
wealth,
Or ells hee'le wither like a rose in springe,
Nought wilbe left but thornes of povertie.

Master, thou art noe kinge, noe prince ; doe well
Vnto thie selfe, and all is well.

Tim. Thou speakest like thie selfe, and in thy
kinde :

Lett those that are borne slaues beare abiect minds.
I Timon am, not Laches.

Lach. I, poore Laches,
Not Timon ; yf I were, I would not see
My goodes by crowes deuoured as they bee.

Tim. I'st euen soe, my learned counsaylor ?
Rule thou this howse, be thou a cittizen
Of Athens ; I thy seruant will attend ;
Thou shalt correct me as thy bond slaue ; yes,
Thou shalt correct me, Laches ; I will beare
As fitts a slaue. By all the gods I sweare,
Bridle thy tounge, or I will cutt it out,
And turne thee out of dores.

Lach. Because I speake
The truth.

Tim. But, peace once, once more, I saye.

Lach. Yes, I'le not mutter ; I'le as silent bee
As any counsaylor without his ffee.

Tim. ~~Inglorious dayes leade they, whose inwarde parts^a~~
~~Apollo hath not made of better claye.~~
It is to me a tryumph and a glorie,
That people fynger poynt at me, and saye,
This, this is he that his lardge wealth and store
Scatters among the comons and the poore ;
Hee doth not sitt at home and hugg himselfe,
Rubbing his greedy right hand with his gould,
Whilst poore men theire misfortunes doe deplore

^a *whose inwarde parts, &c.*] From Juvenal ;

“ quibus arte benigna

Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.”

Vnder the open ayre. Laches, bestrowe
'The streetes with gould, and lett the people knowe
How bountifull the hands of Timon are.

Lach. Soe Joue me loue, I had rather rotten eggs
Or stincking pispotts cast vpon their heades. [*Aside.*

Tim. The noyse ascends to heau'n ; Timons greate
name

In the gods eares resounds, to his greate fame.
This I heare willinglie ; and 'tis farre sweeter
Then sound of harpe, or any pleasant meetre :
I, magnified by the peoples crye,
Shall mount in glorie to the heauens high. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. 2^{da}.

*Knocking at Timons dore. Enter Eutrapelus, and Abyssus
the Vsurer following him ; then enter Timon and Laches.*

Eutr. Loue, pleasure, joye, delight dwell in this howse.
How farest thou, my humane Jupiter ?
What, art thou iouiall ?

Tim. I enuye not Joue himselfe.

Eutr. By Venus lapp I sweare, thou seem'st to mee
To bee too sadd. Why walk'st thou not the streetes ?
Thou scarce art knowne in tenn tavernes yett :
Subdue the world with gould. See'st thou this ffeind ?

Tim. What is hee ?

Eutr. A gryping vsurer, Abyssus named :
That man that knowes him not will scarce beleieue
What a dam'd knaue he is. I with my cloake
Muffled my face, myne hatt puld o're myne eyes ;
I walked through the byewayes of the towne,
The Schooles, the Cinqueports, the markett places ;
By nookes and crookes I went ; yett this bloudhound
Sents, swyftlie followes, hath me at a baye,
Nor hath departed from my side this daye.

Tim. His loue's officious.

Abys. Eutrapelus, pay me my mony.

Eutr. Di'st euer heare a cuckowe of a note

More inauspicious?

Abys. Pay what thou ow'st, Eutrapelus.

Thou from my clamour neuer shalt goe free :

Where e're thou go'st I still will followe thee,

An indiuiduall mate ; when thou shalt dyne,

I'le pull thye meate out of thie very mouth ;

When thou wilt sleepe, I'le flye about thy bedd,

Like to a nyght mare : no, I will not lett

Thyne eyes to slumber or take any rest.

Eutr. Proceed'st thou still with thy ostreperous noyse ?

Soe helpe me Bacchus, I had rather see

Medusas heade, the dreadfull basiliske,

Hobgob[li]ns, yea, infernall Cerberus.

Foh, turne him out of dores, least he infect

The whole howse with the odor of his breath.—

Out, out, thou stinckard, mans grand enemye !

Abys. Our controuersye law shall soone decide.

Thou shalt perceauie what a fellowe I am :

I'le make the[e] looke wormes through the pryson grates,

Vnlesse thou satisfie to me my debt

In good and lawfull mony.

Eutr. By greate Bellonas sheild, by th' thunderbolt

Of Panomphæan Joue, by Neptunes mace,

By the Acroceraunian mountaines,

And by the glistering jemms of thye redd nose,

Goe hence, or els I'le crush thee like a crabb.

Looke to thy selfe, thou damned vsurer ;

Looke to thy selfe ; I gyue thee fayre warning.

Abys. Thou shalt not fright me with thye bugbeare
wordes ;

Thye mountaines of Acroceraunia,

Nor yett thy Panomphæan Joue I ffeare :

I aske what is my owne.

Eutr. Thou logg, thou stock, thou Arcadian beast,
Know'st thou not what 'tis to be honored?
Is't not a creditt and a grace to haue
Me be thy debtour?

Lach. Leaue him not, Abyssus. [*Aside to Abyss.*
Oh, how I long for the confusion
Of this same rascall that confounds our howse!

Abys. Thou showld'st haue paid the ffirst of the
Calends;
'Tis now the third day.

Lach. Send for the serients. [*Aside to Abyss.*

Eutr. Timon, lend me a litle goulden dust,
To ffree me from this ffeind; some fower talents
Will doe it.

Tim. Yea, take ffyue: while I haue gould,
I will not see my ffreinds to stand in neede.

Eutr. Heroicke spiritt, I will thee adore,
And sacrifice to thee in ffrackinsence!

Lach. I scarcelye am my selfe, I am starke madd:
The gods and goddesses confound this scabb! [*Aside.*

Eutr. Come hither: what's the totall somme?

Abys. This bill
Will certifie you, yf you reade it.

Eutr. Come not too neere;
I ffear that shyning ignis fatuus,
Which the lampe of thie nose doth beare aboute:
Approch thou not too nigh. Two hundred pownds:
Well, thou shalt haue it at the next exchainge;
Then there of me thy debt thou shalt receaue.

Abys. If not, the pryson thee. [*Exit.*

Eutr. The apple of Tantalus now followe thee!—
O sweet'st of things, thou hast reedeem'd thy ffreind!
In myrth and iollitie this daye I'le spend. [*Hee sings.*

*Bringe me hither a cupp
Of wyne, filld to the bryms:*

*Lett's alwayes drinck all vpp ;
 I loue a cupp that swymys.
 God Bacchus, God Bacchus,
 Thee wee adore ;
 Thee wee ymplore,
 Oh most sweete Iacchus !*

Tim. Eutrapelus, thou hold'st thyne owne : but why
 Wearst thou a plume of ffeathers in thy hatt ?
 Art thou a loue or a souldier ?

Eutr. Bee souldiers they that list : rather, I thinck,
 It's safer farr to quaffe, carouse, and drinck,
 And to embrace a lasse within my bedd
 At my owne home.

Tim. True ; where the pot's thy pyke,
 Thy bedd thy horse, thy wenches merry make
 A sheild and buckler to receaue thy launce.

Eutr. Th'art in the right ^b * * * *

* * * * *

This plume of ffeathers shee did gyue to me,
 As a conspicuous symbole of her loue.

Tim. Truely, a worthy guift. But, surely, Venus
 Was not a ffreind to my nativitie :
 I oft haue watched at my sweete harts dore,
 And offer'd vp whole hecatombes of teares ;
 I putt on black apparell ; at midnight
 Plaid at her window ; on my sweete string'd lute
 I sung her loue songs ; nothing could her moue ;
 But when shee sawe the shyning gould, " My loue,
 Whye stand'st thou heere ? what's my gate a ban-
 dogg ?

My hony, gyue me this ; nay, yf thou lou'st me,

^b Four lines and a half omitted here.

I prithee, gyue it me ;" her gowne is rent,^c
 Or ells shee stands in neede of a gould ringe ;
 Somethinge shee wants, to craue shee wilbe bould :
 The man shee loues not, but shee loues his gould.

Eutr. By Joue, thou know'st theire cunning to a hayre.
 But, Timon, shall I thirst within thie howse ?
 I haue not wett my lipps with wyne this daye.

Tim. Come, lett vs in ; wee will not want for drinke.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. 3^a. ACT. 1^{mi}.

*Enter GELASIMUS, and PÆDIO his page ; a table and a
 looking glass.*

Gelas. Pædio, behould me, Pædio ; are not my lookes
 grauer then they were ? is not my countenance full of
 gravitie ?

Pæd. As graue as a seuerer Areopagite, with his con-
 tracted eyebrows. ✓

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! my wytty knaue, dost thinck I
 shall euer be an Areopagite ? ✓

Pæd. But stay awhile till your beard growe bigger ;
 otherwise old men wilbe ashamed to be ouercome in coun-
 sayle and vnderstanding by one that is barbatulous.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! how I my selfe content my selfe !
 I wholly am pleased with my selfe, from the sole of my
 foote to the crowne of my head : soe the Graces loue me,
 I could willinglie kisse my selfe. Heere, take my cloake,
 while I veiwe my selfe awhile : see, heere's a looking
 glasse. [*Takes the glass.*] Lord, what goulden teeth
 haue I ! what a purple coulored face ! did'st euer see things
 more correspondent ?

Pæd. Your anckles be too litle.

^c *her gowne is rent*] From Plautus ;

" Aut periiit aurum, aut conscissa pallula est."

Trucul. i. l. 32.

(" Sic vett. Vulgo : ' Aut aurum periiit.' " Bothe ad l.)

Gelas. The more gentlemanlike ; I shall not be a fatt greasy plebeian.

What speake the virgines of me, canst thou tell ?

Pæd. They terme you delight of men, white boye,^d
Noble without comparison,—what not ?

This the like eyes, that the like nose desires ;

This your cheekes, and that your leggs.

Gelas. Pædio,

See that my chamber dores be barred fast ;

For I am fearefull, least that, when I sleepe,

Some of theis ffemales pilfre me awaye.

Did I relate to thee (I know not), or hast heard

I am a cozen german vnto Venus ?

Pæd. Master, why sigh you soe a nights ?

Gelas. I loue.

Pæd. Noe marvayle, that art lou'd of soe many.

Gelas. I knowe not whether I am lou'd or noe.

Pæd. Cannot you sleepe for loue ?

Gelas. Why, noe.^e

Pæd. Not you,

That are soe rich in ffarmes, statelie howses,

Whome your rich father left his only heyre ?

Gelas. Thancks to the gods, I am not of the raggs

Or fagg end of the people : Pædio, see,

I haue a gould ring with a iemm and signett.

Pæd. How daintylie theis iemms becomes your
fynghers !

Gelas. Did'st euer see the armes my sheild doth
beare ?

Pæd. I well remember them.

Gelas. My knaue, relate them.

Pæd. Three guilded thistles.

•

^d *white boye*] Was formerly a common term of endearment,

^e *noe*] MS. "not."

Gelas. Well.

Pæd. Three fatt asses,
Drawen out the desarts of Arabia.

Gelas. Soe.

Pæd. Two boares with gilded stones in a feild.

Gelas. Bloudy.

Pæd. Nay, rather, turdy. [*Aside.*

Gelas. But the crest, dost thou remember that?

Pæd. My selfe not better; a white owle.

Gelas. Am not I fortunate?

Pæd. Soe the gods would haue it:
But stay; see who comes here?

SCEN. 4^{ta}. ACT: 1^{mi}.

Enter PSEUDOCHEUS to them.

Pseud. Hayle, Athens! Thancks to propitious Joue,
Thancks to Minerua! Welcome may I be,
Who, mounted on a wodden horse, this daye
Arriued at Pyræum.

Gelas. Dost heare him, Pædio?
He sayth he rode vpon a wodden horse.
That I had such a one! dost thou knowe where
Are any wodden horses to be sould,
That neede noe spurrs nor haye? Ile aske this
strainger.

Pæd. H'st, master, stay!
Master, what say you to a hobby horse?——
But he doth meane a shipp, and not a horse. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. What sayest thou, my boye?

Pseud. Ile playe vpon this fellow, I knowe him well
enough.—— [*Aside.*]

Good gods, how many idly sitt at home,
Like to lame coblers, and doe neuer see
More earth or sea than that where they were borne!

Gelas. Hee meanes not me ; I Sparta once beheld^d
From a high turrett.

Pseud. I with my ffeete haue pac'd the world about.

Gelas. Ile buye this flying horse and wandring ffeete.

Pseud. The Pyrenean mountaynes, though that there
I with my right hand toucht the very clouds,
Deuoring gulfs, nor quicksands of the sea,
Did e're fright me ; at Gades I washt away
Non ultra writt with Hercules owne hand ;
Pacing the myles of Europe, Asia,
And Affrica, my wearied bones at last
Are here arriued, and here my labours end.

Gelas. Shall I speake to him, Pædio ? he seemes
A man of greate accompt, that hath oreveiu'd
Soe many countreyes : what shall I saye first ?
Shall I salute him after our manner ?

Pseud. A spruce, neate youth : what, yf I affront^t him ?

[*Aside.*]

Gelas. Good gods, how earnestlie doe I desire
His fellowship ! was I e're soe shamefac't ?
What yf I send and gyue to him my cloake ?

Pseud. What shall I saye ? I saw his face at Thebes
Or Sicilie ?

[*Aside.*]

Gelas. Ile send it. Pædio,
Gyue him this cloake ; salute him in my name ;
H'st, thou may'st tell him, yf thou wilt, how rich
My ffather was.

[*Aside to Pædio.*]

Pæd. I come to thee a badging messenger :
Our Lord Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill
Sends thee a cloake, a signe of his good will.

Gelas. Oh, that he takes it kindlie !

[*Aside.*]

Pseud. A cloake ! and why a cloake ?

Pæd. There was not in all Athens, while he liu'd,
A ritcher then his ffather.

^t *affront*] i. e. meet, encounter, accost.

Pseud. What, as a token of his loue, say'st thou ?
Returne this answeare to that noble youth ;
I, Pseudecheus from the Bloody Tower,
Doe wish him more then twenty thowsand healtbes ;
Who e're he be, be he more ffortunate
Then they that liue in the Isles Fortunate,
Or in the flourishing Elizian feilds ;
May he drinck nectar, eate ambrosia !

Gelas. How daintylie his speech flowes from him !
[*Aside.*]

Pseud. Tell him I will salute him.

Pæd. The strainger, sir, desires to salute you.

Gelas. That's my desire : I will meete him.

Pseud. I will affront him. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. I wish admittance of societie.

Pæd. Foh, how this proffered seruice stincks ! [*Aside.*]

Pseud. I thee admitt, thou needst not be ashamed ;
I seeme lesse then I am ; who hath lurk'd close
Hath liued well.

Pæd. Liue yee soe well, yee that are prysoners ?
Yee closely lurke, I know that well. [*Aside.*]

Pseud. Though here sett I my ffoote without a guard,
I haue whole islands at my beck and nodd.

Gelas. Lord, what a potent freind haue I obteyned !—
[*Aside.*]

What cuntreyman, I pray you, sir ?

Pseud. A Wordling.

Gelas. What a spacious.countrey hath this man !
Athens is but a poynt compar'd to it. [*Aside.*]

Pseud. Here is a neate cittie, statelie howses.

Gelas. You neuer saw my howse in Rhamnuse streete ?
I spent tenn powndes in paynting of my dores,
To make it knowne whose howse it was.

Pseud. I haue seene fayrer 'monge the Antipodes.

Gelas. What, were you e're among th' Antipodes ?

Pseud. About three yeres, six monethes, and fower dayes :

As I remember, I departed thence

v Last day of March,—soe 'tis, last day of March,
My calender tells me the very hower.

Pæd. This is noe Wordling, hee's some Cretian.^s

[*Aside.*

Gelas. On ffoote, or horse, wents't thou this greate voyage ?

Pseud. Vp to the ffeildes Gurgustidonian
I rode on horse back ; the Antipodes
Were distant thence about an hundred myles ;
There I being seene, the Pigmies fearefully
Fledd all awaye.

Gelas. They tooke thee for some Centaure ; ha, ha, he !

Pseud. True, I perceaued it ; did descend my horse ;
I said I was a man ; they humbly came ;
One as a page I tooke, dissmis'd the rest.

Gelas. If I among them were, would they accept
Mee for their kinge ?

Pseud. They would, yf I did send
With thee my letters commendatory.

Gelas. Joue willing, I my iorney will beginn
Next moneth ; and in the ffyrst yere of my raigne,
Thou, Pædio, shalt be a noble man.

Pseud. At last I came to the Antipodes.

Gelas. What, before euen ?

Pseud. Halfe an hower past six.

Gelas. But what did they ?

Pseud. They all amazed were,
Admire, concurre ; they bringe me to their kinge,
Where I was feasted, plac'd at his right hand.

Gelas. For honours sake.

^s hee's some Cretian.] In allusion to the proverbial saying,
Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύδοιται.

Pseud. When I departed thence,
This ringe he gaue me.

Gelas. Prythee, lett me se it.
Wilt thou that wee exchainge, my Pylades ?

Pseud. I am a man ; Ile not denye my ffreind.—
By Joue, my ringe is made of brasse, not gould. [*Aside.*

Gelas. O happie me, that weares the kings owne ringe
Of th' Antipodes !

Pseud. Soe I blesse my ffreinds.

Pæd. Master—

Gelas. What, my knaue ?

Pæd. Perchaunce this man hath brought with him
some philtre,
Or loue prouoking pouder ; soe you maye
The loue of ffayrest Callimela gaine.

Gelas. Dost thou thinck soe ? — My ffreind, a word or
two.

Pseud. Yes, yf thou wilt, three hundred.

Gelas. Doe you thinck,
Is't possible to obteyne a maydens loue
By pouders or by philtres ?

Pseud. Art thou Venus vassall ?

Gelas. I am a man, compact of fflesh and blood ;
I feele a stirring heate.

Pseud. Vpon the mountaines of Thessalia
I doe remember that I sawe an oake,
That brought forth goulden akornes of greate price :
Yf any young man had but one of theis,
The maides would almost dye for loue of him.
If I am not deceau'd, I haue of them.

Gelas. Graunt Venus that you haue !

Pseud. One to Thetis,
An other to Proserpena I gaue
When I was last at hell, a third to th' queene
Of the Antipodes, a ffowrth I lost.

Gelas. Hast thou not one left ?

Pseud. No, not one.

Gelas. O me !

O wretched me, how are my hopes deceau'd !

Pseud. Tut, ne're despayre.

Gelas. Ah, that thou hadst me blest

With one of theis same akornes !

Pseud. Peace, be still ;

Without theis akornes I'll effect thie will.

What is the girles father ?

Gelas. Pædio, speake ;

My tounge is mute for greife, my hart will breake.

Pæd. His name's Philargurus, a man-devill.

Pseud. What is the temperature of his body ?

Doth choller, ffeame, blood, or melancholly,

Prædominate in him ?

Pæd. I knowe not ; I am noe physician.

Gelas. Blood is prædominant, I thinck ; his cheekes
Are purple colored.

Pseud. The more wanton he :

After this manner, then, woe thou the maid ;

When first thou dost behould her, laugh aloud.

Gelas. As yf I were oreioyed ? I will trye.

Ha, ha, he ! how saye you, doe I well ?

If this the hardest be, I nothing ffeare.

Pseud. What, canst thou daunce and singe ? Play
thou the girle.

Gelas. Is't womanlye enough ?

Pæd. Sir, hide your beard.

Pseud. I with a merry countenance thus begin.

Fa, la, la, la, sol, la,—how is't, my doue ? — fa, la, la,
sol, fa, la,—my marrow, my holy day ! — fa, la, la, sol,
la, me, re,—I loue thee, by Joue ! — la, fa, la, la, sol, me,
re, la,—yours, not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden
Hill,—la, la, la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, la, sol, fa.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

Soe helpe me gods, a very pretty thinge !
Doe men woe maides soe among th' Antipodes ?

Pseud. They doe.

Gelas. With pricksong ?

Pseud. Yes, yes ; pricksong is
The only way to woe and wynn a maid.

Gelas. Is't soe ? is't soe ? shee shall not want for that ;
I'll tickle her with pricksong. O, how my feete
Itch with desire ! come, lett vs goe. Thou soone
Shalt see how by thy precepts I doe thriue.
Fa, la, la, sol, me, re, sol. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. 5^{ta}. ACT. 1^{mi}.

Enter TYMON, EUTRAPELUS, HERMOGENES, LACHES.

Eutr. Heere doe wee liue, and haue the world at will,
Fare dayntilie, drinck stiffly, lodge softlye :
If such delights be euen among the gods,
By Jupiter, I'll suffer both myne eares
To be bor'd thorough with a coblers awle.

Tim. My ffreinds shall drinck noe lees ; with pleasant
sack
My cupps shall flowe.

Eutr. That, that is eu'n sweeter
Than the gods nectar.

Tim. I haue noe leekes or garlike at my table.

Eutr. Wee ffeede on partridge, pheazant, plover,
quaile,
Snipes, woodcocks, larks, ambrosia it selfe.

Tim. Is not he madd, that carefullie doth watch
A thowsand heapes of wheate, and dares not tast
One graine thereof ? or he that drincketh lees,
Having his cellours fraught with pleasing wynes ?
I'll vse my treasure, and possesse my wealth,
And spend my dayes in pleasure whilst I lyue :

c

Wee shall goe naked to our sepulchers,
And carry not one groate away with vs.

Eutr. Thou speakst Sybilla's leafes. Yf I one doit,
Except one halfepeny, beare to my graue,
Lett Charon thrust me, as a greedy knaue,
Out of his boate forthwith into the lake !
Heare, Tymon : know'st thou what Hermogenes
Vndyned would haue ? how well he sings and fidles ?

HERMOGENES *sings.*

*Louelic Venus sported,
And with Mars consorted,
While swarthy Vulcan in his shopp
At his forge did lympe and hopp.
The same the Sunne espied,
To Vulcan it descried ;^h
Who, when that he reputed
Himselfe to be cornuted,
In a greate rage did stammer,
And swore by his greate hammer,
His bellowes, forge, and fire light,
That iniurie to requite.*

*He plac'd a nett of wyre
Where Mars, to cool's desire,
Mett fayre Venus in the woode,
There to doe what they thought good.
Mars, being taken, sweares ;
Fayre Venus sheds forth teares ;
The gods spectators smyled
To see them thus beguiled :
Now, quoth Vulcan, I am glad ;
My hornes ake not halfe soe bad.*

^h *descried*] i. e., gave notice of, discovered.

Tim. Hermogenes, thou hast deseru'd thye dynner.

Herm. Lett me haue it, then.

Lach. Whye suffer you this fidler in your howse ?
There's not a veryer knaue in all the towne :
Yf he depart not, master, by your leaue
I'le thrust him out of dores.

Tim. Is't eu'n soe ?—Come hither, Hermogenes :
Gyue him a cuffe, a sound box on the eare ;
Bee not afraid.

Herm. I am afraid of him,
Least he strike me againe.

Tim. Why stand'st thou soe ?
Strike him, I saye.

Lach. But yf thou touche me, I —.

Herm. What then ?¹

Lach. I'le dash thy braynes out with thy fiddle.

Herm. I will not touch him ; Hercules himselfe
Would not abide his furious countnance.

Tim. Now strike, Hermogenes ; his hands are bounde.

[*Tymon houlds him.*

Herm. Lett mee see that ; are they bound fast enough ?
My hart is at the bottome of my hose.²

Tim. Why dost thou thus delaye ?

Herm. Now, now I strike. [*Hee strikes him.*
Haue not I paid him soundlie ?

Lach. O yee gods !
What shall I saye ? yf health it selfe desire
To saue this familie, it cannot be.

Herm. By Joue, I made him bellow like a bull.

Tim. Hermogenes, come hither : take this gould,
And buye the[e] braue^k apparrell ; this same man

¹ then] MS., " thou."

² My hart is at the bottome of my hose.] This expression is of great antiquity : it occurs in the *Prima Pastorum*,—*Towneley Mysteries*, p. 95.

^k braue] i. e., fine.

I'le gyue thee to attend thee.

Herm. O happie day !

Eutr. This fidler I envye.

Would Laches had forbidden me the howse !— [*Aside.*]

Laches, dost see me, Laches ? I am a knaue too, Laches.

Lach. Spend and consume ; gyue Gould to this, to all ;
Your ritches are immortall.

Tim. I'le pull thye eyes out, yf thou add one word.

Lach. But I will speake ; yf I were blynd, I'de speake.

Tim. What, art thou soe magnanimous ? Be gone ;
The dore is open ; freeze or sweate, thou knaue ;
Goe, hang thie selfe !

Lach. Master, ffarewell. Is this my loues reward ?
Varletts, ffarewell, hatefull to gods and men :
You lusty ffydler, yf I meete with thee,
I'le knock thye braines out. [*Exit.*]

Herm. Full glad am I hee's gon ; I was afraid.

Tim. What dost thou with this totter'd¹ habitt ? I
Will haue thee proudlie goe in rich apparell ;
Hould vp thye heade ; I will maynteyne it.

Eutr. This man this daye rose with his arse vpwards ;
To daye a fidler, and at night a noble. [*Aside.*]

Herm. How I doe scorne theis raggs ! I a fidler ?
I goe a fidling ? noe, not I, by Joue !
Sirra, I must cast of thy company ;

[*He shewes his Gould, giuen by Timon.*]

Thou art noe fitt companion for me ;
Thy face I knowe not ; thou three farthing Jack,
Gett fellowes like thye selfe ; this, this is it

[*Shewes his Gould againe.*]

Makes me a noble man.—Dost heare me, Tymon ?
When shall wee goe to dynner ? I suppose
I haue a stomack like a dog.

Tim. Wee'le goe. [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS ACT. 1^{mi}.

¹ totter'd] An old form of tattered.

SCEN. 1^{ma}. ACT. 2^{di}.

*Enter GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, and PÆDIO, at one dore ;
PHILARGURUS and BLATTE at th'other.*

Gelas. So Venus be propitious vnto me,
As I doe thinck my selfe oblig'd to thee !
O Pseudocheus, thou shalt presentlie
See how acutellie I haue profited !

Phil. Blatte, heere, take the keyes, barr fast the dores ;
Vnlesse my spectacles deceaue my sight,
I see some straingers coming hitherward.

Gelas. Dye lett me, yf I doe not thinck my selfe
An amiable youth.

Phil. Hast thou fast bard them ?

Blat. Without your leaue here enters not a mouse.

Gelas. How cleanly combd, how spruse and neate
all o're !

Pseud. Thie loue lock, lett it dangle at the left eare ;
Hould vp your head : soe, soe ; a litle higher.

[To Gelas., houlding his hand vnder his chynn.]

Gelas. By Joue, thou hast an apt discipule ; I
Sucked this aptnes from my nurses breasts.

Pseud. It is a synn to blush : be impudent.

Gelas. I blush ! I scorne to blush ; by Jupiter,
I am noe Academician, noe ffoole.

Phil. Blatte, obserue least any clymbe the wall,
Vntyle my rafters, breake into my howse.

Blat. Bee not soe carefull ; I'le looke to each place.

Pæd. Master, I see ould Philargurus stand
Before his dore.

Pseud. Salute the ould man.

Gelas. Once and againe saue you, Philargurus !

Phil. What ? whence art thou ? what is thy busynes ?

Gelas. Speake, Pseudocheus, who I am.

[Aside [to Pseud.]

Pseud. This is a noble youth of Athens.

Phil. What howse ?

Pseud. Rich Megadorus was his father.

Gelas. The next howse to Pyræum was one of his.

Pseud. This was his heyre to a farthing.

Gelas. What e're he had, he dying left to me ;
Platters of gould, and cupps of siluer, ffarmes,
Townes, edifices, seruants, ploughes, and oxen.

Phil. Were you the sonne of Megadorus ?

Gelas. I am, or ells my mother did deceaue me.

Blat. Truelie, a neate youth, of a smyling looke :
O that he would woe me, and loue me too !
I am not yett soe ould to be dispis'd. [Aside.]

Phil. I Megadorus did well knowe ; sober
And thriftie man was he, rich in much gould,
Harty and prouident.

Gelas. Hee my father was ;
I am a blossome sprung from that same tree.

Phil. Giue me thy right hand :
Byrlady,^m sir, your lands are very greate.

Gelas. I thanck my fortune, I am noe begger.

Phil. Hem, this man's rich enough to wedd my
daughter.— [Aside.]
Where is thye wyfe ?

Gelas. What ?

Phil. Thy mynd doth wander ;
Art thou in loue ?

Gelas. In loue with your daughter ;
I am besides my selfe for loue of her.

Pseud. True, I assure you ; I cann wytnes it ;
Beleue me, sir, I ne'ere saw with theis eyes
In all Arabia, Paphlagonia,
Syria, Thessalia, Persia,
Or in the orientall India,

^m Byrlady] i. e. By our Lady.

A young man more in loue, not one soe much.

Blat. This fellowes tounge hath travayld very ffarr.

[*Aside.*]

Pseud. See how, poore wretch, he doth amazed stand !
Hee makes me almost weepe.

Phil. Ne'ere sigh soe, man ; ne'ere greiue or vex thye
mynd.

Gelas. If you consent, the maid I doe not ffeare.

Phil. I gyue consent.

Gelas. You haue reuiued me.—

Did I not stand as dead as any stone ?

[*Aside to PSEUD. and PÆD.*

Phil. Blatte, call me Callimela hither. [*Exit BLATTE.*

Pseud. Dost thou remember thy woeing lesson
That I this morning taught thee ?

Gelas. Yes, yes, yes ;

Thats at my fyngers ends, I warrant you.

Enter CALLIMELA et BLATTE.

Phil. Conquer but her, the victorie is thyne.

Blat. Come, Callimela ; the expected tyme
Is now at hand ; a neate daynty woer
Desires thy fruition.—O that I
Had such another would my bedd desire !—
Behould how sweetely he doth fframe his looks !

Gelas. Be gone from me, I neede noe prompter I :
What is't ? I remember, I remember.—Ha, ha, he !

Phil. Why laugh'st thou soe ?

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

Phil. Do'st mock my daughter ?

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !—he knowes not the manner of the
Antipodes,—ha, ha, he ! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, sol, la, fa,—
how dost thou, my doue ?—fa, la, la, la, sol, fa, la,—my
marrow, my happy day !—fa, la, la, la, sol, la, me, re,—I
loue thee, by Joue !—la, fa, la, la, me, re, sol, la,—thyne,

not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill,—la, la,
la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, fa, sol, fa.

Call. Stand of!

Gelas. O Juno, be not angry with thy Joue!
Lett me but kisse thyne eyes, my sweete delight,
My sparrow, my hony, my duck, my cony.

Phil. Refuse thou not this youngmans loue; hee's
noble.

Gelas. My Venus, ffrowne not soe.

Call. You are deceaued;
I am not Venus.

Gelas. But, by Joue, thou art;
Thou Venus art: why doe you it denye?

Pseud. I well remember once I kissed Venus
In Paphos Ile, but I forgett her ffavour.^a

Gelas. Thou Venus art; I knowe thee to be Venus.—
H'st; tell me what to saye.

Pseud. My hony, shall I tast of your delights?

Gelas. My hony, shall I tast of your delights?

Call. What, doe [you] thinck I am a hony sopp?

Gelas. Not I, by Joue.

Pseud. What a dull pate is this! he nothing hath
That is his owne, but only this,—by Joue. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. Thou sweeter art then any hony sopp.

Call. I'le fly thee therefore, for ffearc thou eate me.

Gelas. I! what, I eate thee!—H'st, h'st!

Pseud. I had rather dye with hunger.

Gelas. I had rather dye with hunger,
I sweare by theis thy goulden cheekes.

Pseud. Ex'lent beyond compare!

Gelas. I know not how to woe a virgine! I,
How greate so e're I am, am a meere asse!
Am I not, Pædio? art thou not proud
That thou on such a master dost attend?

^a *favour*] i. e. look.

Phil. Speake, Callimela; speake, speake, shamefac't
girle;

Doe thy affections consympathize?

Blat. Forsooth, when I was like your Callimell,
(For I was like her,) I had many sutours,
But foolishlie I did reiect them all;
First, Traneo because his beard was red,
Albius cause beardles, Demetrius
Cause he was spindle shankt, and Curio
I did not ffaouour because his long nose
Was an ympediment vnto his kissing;
But now, alas, I neuer more shall see
Such happie dayes!

Pseud. So, soe; goe on againe, and say thus to her,—
I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thyne.

Gelas. I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thyne.—
O how this ioyes my hart! More, more,
Sweete Pseudocheus, more!

Phil. ° Why museth thou?

Call. Must I, then, be a wyfe?

Phil. Thou shalt be, my owne girle, Callimela.

Call. I muse which of vs two must master be,
I or my husband: I'le subiect my neck
To noe mans yoake. Is this a cittizen?

Phil. A wealthy one.

Call. I shall the better rule:
The wyfes of cittizens doe beare the sway,
Whose very hands their husbands may not touch
Without a bended knee, and thinck themselves
Happie yf they obteyne but soe much grace,
Within their armes to beare from place to place
Their wyues fyne litle pretty foysting hounds;
They doe adore their wyues; what ere they say,

° *Phil.*] MS. "Ps."

They doe extoll ; what ere they doe, they prayse,
Though they cornute them. Such a man gyue me !

Pseud. Do'st thou remember ?

Gelas. I am memorious :

What is the mountaine ?

Pseud. Paphlagonia.

Gelas. Paphlagonia, Paphlagonia.—

My rose, my lillie, are you yett resolued ?

Vpon the mountaine Paphlagonia

There is a stone, which when the sunne doth rise

Shyneth like gould ; at setting of the same,

Is suddenly made black.

Pseud. Apply, apply.

Gelas. I am the stone : when I behould thye face,

I seeme as gould ; yf thou the same once hide,

I am made black. Sweete hart, do'st thou loue me ?

Phil. Speake, Callimela ; speake, and doe not blush.

Gelas. I yours am, sweete ; answeare, I am thyne.—

Did I not speake it in a fitting tyme ? [*Aside to Pseud.*

Call. What thinge doth please my father, pleaseth me.

Gelas. I knowe shee loues mee ; as I liue, I haue

A face imperious.

Call. But this obserue,—

I wilbe called mistress, not wyfe.

Gelas. Thou shalt be called Hellena, a queene.—

How saist thou ? hath not Venus ben my ffreind ?

[*Aside to Pseud.*

Pseud. I wish you both the loue of turtledoues.

Blat. I long nights, Venus delights, and children.

Gelas. Soe Joue me loue, I am soe overioyed,

I scarce knowe where I am.—What, may I kisse ?

[*Aside to Pseud.*

Pseud. I'll carry her a kisse : to kisse 'tweere synn

Before the nuptiall celebration.

Gelas. Is this a vse too 'monge the Antipodes ?

This scarcely pleaseth me.—I, Callimele,
 Send thee a kisse, I, thy Gelasimus :
 When I am married I will alsoe kisse.
 To morrow I will bring thee to my townes :
 Thou shalt my lands and large revenues see,
 How many sheepe and oxen I doe ffeede,
 How many seruants are at my commaund,
 My parks, and paynters ^p posts before my dores.
 What sayest thou, my mistress and my queene ?

Phil. Make ready for the nuptials : this night
 My Callimele and I will sup at home.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Call.*

Gelas. How louinglie shee turned back her eyes !

Blat. Youngmen, farewell ; I am this maids keeper.

Gelas. Farewell, most auncient keeper.

Blat. If I can pleasure you in any thinge,
 I am at your commaund : once more, ffarewell. [*Exit.*
Pseud. What shall wee doe, Gelasimus ?

Gelas. With all speede wee will goe to Timons howse,
 Where feasts with myrth and laughter doe abound :
 Come, lett vs goe ; I cannot brooke delaye,
 Till I haue tould them of my wedding daye. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. 2^{da}. ACT 2^{di}.

Enter LACHES, and HERMOGENES ^a with a guilt rapier.

Lach. My face I haue disfigured, that vnknowne
 I may againe be plac'd in Timons howse :
 Laches is turn'd to a souldier,
 A resolute hackster with his scarrs and sword ;
 My wiskers hanging o're the ouerlipp ;
 All things agree.—Hoi ! what a sponge comes here !
 How spruse he is ! whom see I ? the ffidler
 That gaue me such a box ; the very same.

^p *paynters.*] Qy. “paynted” ?

^a *Hermogenes.*] He does not enter till the sixth line of the following speech.

Herm. What man would saye that I am a fidler ?
I Hermogenes ? where are my rent shoes ?
Torne raggs ? my ffidle ? what this ? my fiddle case ?
[He lookes on his rapier.]

Good people, doe I wake, or doe I sleepe ?
I cannot thinck my selfe Hermogenes.

Lach. I'le make thee feele thy selfe Hermogenes.

[He beats him, and hoodwincks him.]

Herm. Oh, oh ! why do'st thou beate me soe ? why,
why

Do'st thou thus hoodwinck me ? Lett me not lyue,
If that I am Hermogenes. The gods
I call to wytnes, I ne're wrong'd any.
What do'st thou ? I was borne this day ; this day
I ffirst saw light.

Lach. My name is Nemesis.

Herm. O sweete, sweete Nemesis, what wouldst thou
haue ?

Lach. I am thy euill spyritt !

Herm. What, two of yee ?

Oh, spare me, good euill spyritt !

Lach. No, no ;

Thou shalt be beate because thou art a knaue.

Herm. Oh, oh, sweete Nemesis !

Lach. I'le pluck thie eyes out.

Herm. O good ill spiritt, doe not soe torment mee !

Oh, oh !

Lach. Farewell, ffidler ; ffarewell, Hermogenes.

Herm. What did he saye ? ffarewell ? I know not well
Whether I lyue or noe : 'tis well, I breathe.

O Joue, O sunne, suffer you this sinne ?

Send Mercury from heauen to helpe me !

Blinde I am, altogeather blynd ; I see

Nothing but darke. O heauens, O earth, O seas !

Lach. Good gods, from what a deadlie warr scapt I !

Holbeards were charg'd, and swords against me drawn :
I with my buckler did receaue the blowes.

Herm. Good souldier, pyttie a poore blynd man.

Lach. Who art ?

Herm. Nemesis hath pluc't myne eyes out.

Lach. What Nemesis ?

Herm. My euill spiritt : I am
More blynde then any mole ; prythee, leade me
To Timons howse.

Lach. Thou art not blynd ; some man hath hood-
winckt thee.

Herm. Neuer perswade me ; I am blynd I knowe ;
My eyes are out.

Lach. I will restore thy sight ;
Feare nothing. What, dost thou see as yet ? yet ?

Herm. O yee immortall gods ! I see, I see !
Well done, O souldier ! I gyue the[e] thancks.

Lach. I am not ffedd with thancks : what dost thou
gyue ?

Herm. Come, I will make thee one of Timons howse.

SCENA 3^a. ACT. 2^{di}.

Enter to them TIMON, EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, and
PSEUDOCHEUS.

Herm. Tenn Furies puld my eyes out, tenn, by Joue :
This souldier restor'd my sight againe.

What, shalhe be thy seruant ?

Tim. What's thy name ?

Lach. Machætes.

Tim. Bee thou true ; I receaue thee.

Gelas. Saue yee, nobles ; — saue you, Timon, saue
you ;—

Eutrapelus, how fare you ? iouiall ?

Tim. Thou seem'st more neate then thou wast wont
to be.

Gelas. I am more merry. Knowe yee this same man ?

Tim. I ne'ere beheld his face before : what's he ?

Gelas. This man is rare, and hath noe paralell :
Hath travaild Africa, Arabia,
And the remotest iles ; yea, there's noe nooke
Or crooke in land or sea, but he hath seene.

Tim. What, in a table geographickall ?

Gelas. I pray yee, note the man.

Eutr. Hee doth soe ffinger-beate his breast, I thinck
Hee is ^a about to call his hart out.

Tim. What doth he murmure thus ? fframes he verses ?
T'were synn to interrupt him.

Gelas. No, not soe.—

Pseudocheus,
Theis noble sparkes desires your company.

Pseud. Saue yee.

I was transported cleane beyond my selfe
With contemplacion of my Pegasus ;
Wounders did obviate my memorye,
Which I saw in the Iland of the moone.

Tim. In what place of the earth may that ile bee ?

Pseud. 'Tis not in earth ; 'tis pendant in the ayre ;
Endymion there hath the dominion.

Gelas. In the ayre !

Pseud. Yes, pendant in the ayre.

Herm. O, strainge !

Pseud. Pish, this is nothing : I cann tell
You of a many gallants that did sell
Theire mannours here, and built them castles there,
And now liue like cameleons by th'aire ;
And strainger things then theis I oft haue seene.

Tim. Come, Pseudocheus ; goe along and walke :
Your strainge discourse shalbe our table talke.

[*Exeunt.*

^r *paralell*] MS. "pararell."

^s *is*] MS. "his."

THE SECOND ACT. [SCENE 4.][†]

Enter DEMEAS, two Sergeants, at one dore ; TIMON, LACHES, HERMOGENES, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, at another.

Dem. Where hale yee mee, yee knaues ? where hale yee mee,
Getes, canniballs, yee cruell Scythians ?
Looze mee, yee varletts ; I'me an orator ;
Looze mee, I say.

Serg. 1. Good words, I pray : wee doe but our office ;
The judges haue committed thee to gaole.

Dem. Helpe mee, yee godds ! What, shall an orator
Bee caste in prison ? bound in iron chaines ?

Serg. 2. Wert thou Demosthenes, thou shouldst not
scape.

Dem. O, suffer mee to speake !

Eutr. What is this tumult ? is this Demeas
The orator ?

Tim. H'st, peace ; and let vs patiently see
This comedies catastrophe.

Serg. 1. If all thy rhetoricke can perswade vs,
Weele sette thee free at thine owne liberty.

Serg. 2. Goe to, bee not to tædious ; beginne.

Dem. By what faulte or fate of mine (luculent, not
lulent Sergeants) shall I say it is come to passe that I,
an orator, not an arator, floridde, not horridde, should bee
cast into prison by stolidde, not by solidde, persons ?
What haue I done ? what haue I not done ? Whom may
I invoke ? whom may I not inuocate ? Shall I accuse
yee ? or excuse yee ? I knowe not ; truly, I knowe not.
Yee hale ; but whom doe yee hale ? yee hale an orator.

[†] [Scene 4] Here a small portion of the MS. has been cut off.

But whither doe yee hale him? yee hale him to prison.
 But from whence doe yee hale him? from the pewes of
 most wicked iudges. I owe; is that an offence? I owe
 sixteene talents; is that a sinne? Now, whether I
 deserue imprisonment, iudge yee. Let it, O let it bee
 lawfull for mee (O louing and liuing men!) to orate and
 exorate before the altar of your clemencie, not the haltar
 of your demency!^u so yee, that free mee from the bonds
 of prison, shall oblige mee to you with the adamantine
 bonds of loue.

Gelas. Hee hath composde a very dolefull speache.

Serg. 1. Art thou perswaded to dismisse him? speake.

Serg. 2. I feele some striuing motion; but stay,
 I knowe 'twill vanishe presently.

Pseud. This orator hath stole all that he spoke:
 I hearde olde Nestor speake this worde for worde
 In the Fortunate Ilands.

Serg. 1. I am perswaded; I will let him goe.

Dem. O eloquence, what canst not thou effecte?
 Whom doe not sweeter wordes than hony moue?
 I thanke my genius.

Serg. 2. Exult not soe:
 I am perswaded, Demeas, I am,
 Thee to imprisonne. Come, my orator,
 Not arator, my floridde, not horridde;
 Bee sure of this, weele putte thee in sure ties,
 Vnles thou putte in sureties.

Tim. Dismisse him: I will sixteene talents pay
 Vnto the citizens.

Dem. My Jupiter, my Jupiter!

Tim. Carry my name vnto the iudges; I
 Will satisfie this debte.

^u *demency*] i. e. madness. The word occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye nat to Courte*,—*Works*, ii. 47. ed. Dyce.

Dem. My Jupiter,
When I forgette thee, let mee as a prey
Bee cast alieue to be deuour'd of beasts !

Tim. Thy wishe is to to large. I doe desire
A gratefull minde ; thats all that I require :
I putte my talents to strange vsury,
To gaine mee friends, that they may followe mee

* * * * *

Writte in their face ; if this thou dost performe,
I shall haue interrest sufficient.

Dem. If this, my Timon, I doe not performe,
Let Joue confounde mee with his thunderbolte !

Lach. This vowe, O Jone, remember ! let him feelee,
If hee bee false, the strengthe of thy right hande !

Gelas. Hast thou not a brother liues in Athenes,
That is a fidler ?

Herm. A fidler !

Gelas. Sweete sir,
Bee not soe angry ; I did neuer see
One egge more like another. I will send
For him to morrow to my nuptialls,
Hee sings soe daintily.

Eutr. What, to thy wedding ? wilt thou putte thy
necke
Into a marr'age nooze ?

Gelas. Why not ? I her,
Shee mee doth loue.

Dem. A metaphore from the effecte.

Gelas. What more can I desire ?

Tim. A barraine foreheade, where hornes may not
growe :
Oft other men beware by others hornes.
View Athenes, thou shalt Vulcanes ensignes see,

▼ A line of MS. has been cut off here.

A common badge to men of eache degree ;—
 How many hange their heades downe, leaste they splitte
 The signe posts with their hornes ; how many sitte
 At home sicke of the headeache, and complaine
 That they are like to the twi-horned moone ;
 This man lookes pale ; another stands amazde :
 In the meane while their wiues are iouiall ;
 They eate the tongues of nightingales, lambstones,
 Potato pies, pick'ld oysters, marrowbones,
 And drinke the purest wine that they can gette ;
 They haue their garden houses ;^w will bee sicke ;
 Then comes the doctor with his clister pipe,
 And makes them well : their husbands heades ake still.

Dem. Sarcasmus, or a bitter ieste.

Gelas. Thinke you that I shall bee a horn'd Satyre ?
 ha, ha, he !

As if I did not knowe what tricke men vse !
 In Cappadocia they chuse a friende
 Thats gelt, to keepe their wiues in chastity ;
 This eunuche as their keeper they ordaine ;
 Hee doth obserue eache thinge they doe, their noddts,
 Their whisperings, their very farts and all,
 And wary doth in the same chamber watche,
 Least any on a sodeine shoulde surprize
 His friends wife while shee sleepes.

Tim. Is this the vse
 In Cappadocia ?

Gelas. Tis ; hold thy peace ;
 This strange trauailer hath soe subtilly
 Instructed mee with counsailes politicke,
 And hath confessed himselfe an eunuche.

^w *garden houses*] i. e. summer-houses in gardens, often mentioned in our early dramas as places of intrigue. They were formerly common in the suburbs of London. The writer thought only of his own country.

Dem. A syncope vnhearde of.

Tim. Wilt thou appointe this man to keepe thy wife ?

Gelas. I will : by Joue, my hearte is full of glee
That I haue founde out such a one as hee.

Herm. This seemes a wonder.

Pseud. From the milky sea
As I did saile (that sea, the which was full,
From the deepe bottome to the very toppe,
Of pure white milke), the shippe did carry mee
Into an ilande that was made of cheese ;
Their houses were of butter.

Eutr. Were they not melted with the sunne ?

Pseud. O, noe ;
They did obscure the sunne beames with wette clothes.

Dem. A tapinosis or diminution.

Eutr. Thou orator, what dost thou mutter thus ?
Hem, let vs drinke, not idely spende the time ;
Lets sacrifice to Bacchus boles of wine. [*Exeunt.*

THE FIFTH SCENE.

*Enter LOLLIO at one dore ; and TIMON, HERMOGENES,
GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, at another,
with feathers in their hatts ; DEMEAS, LACHES, OBBA.*

Lol. Call they this Athenes ? Lord, what vaire build-
ings !

Herm. See yee that clowne ? how hee admires all things !

Eutr. I knowe him well : 'tis Lollio, the sonne
Of couetous Philargurus, who ne're
Permits his sonne to frequent the cittie,
Least hee shoulde learne the citties luxurie ;
Hee liues at home, eates browne breade and butter,
Sometimes fat bacon.

Lol. Good godds, good gods, what preparation !
What a concourse of people ! This zittie zunne

Seemes brighter than our country zunne. Lord, Lord,
How many starres see I ! how nere they are !

[*The signe of the 7 stars.*

Pseud. Thy hande may touche them with a ladders
helpe.

✓ *Lol.* Wheres Charles wayne ? I cannot zee it here :
In our skie, which wee haue in the country,
I with my vinger con demonstrate it.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

Eutr. Peace, doe not laughe.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

I cannot refraine when I see such fooles ; ha, ha, he !

Lach. Theres not an asse in all Arcadia

So very an asse as thou.

[*Aside.*

Lol. Joue blesse mee, how many diuells are here !
Are they philosophers or brabbling^x lawiers ?
They looke with such soure faces.

Tim. Eutrapelus, speake to him ; say wee are
The prime men of the cittie.

Eutr. Saue you, Lollio.

Lol. Saue you, Eutrapelus :
Soe loue mee Pan, I'me gladde to see thee well.

Eutr. What strange occasion brought you hither ?

Lol. I am zente for to my zisters wedding.
Here are fine zights.

Eutr. Seest thou these young men ?
They are the prime men of this same cittie.

Lol. Will they not imprisonne mee ?

Eutr. Feare nothing.

Lol. What daintie burds doe zitte vppon their hatts !
I wonder much they doe not vlie away.
Their eies are on mee ; must I make a legge ?^y

Eutr. They come to salute thee.

^x *brabbling*] i. e. squabbling.

^y *legge*] i. e. bow.

Lol. Prithee, hold my staffe.

Tim. Most welcome vnto Athenes !

Lol. Thanks, by Joue.

Tim. Wee longe haue look'd for such a one, whom wee
Might substitute prince ore the whole country.

Gelas. Foh, how hee stinks of garlicke !

Lach. All are not muskified.

Tim. Putte on thy hatte ; thou shalt bee our fellow.

Lol. Well bee it with thy oxen and thy ploughes,
Who gracest mee with such greate courtesy !
If once I see thee at my fathers house,
Ile giue thee ale pragmaticall indeede,
Which, if thou drinke, shall fuddle thee hande and foote.

Pseud. Since I did taste the nectar of the gods,
Noe wine or ale can please my pallat well.

Tim. This day shall bee a day of sporte and mirth :
Bring cuppes of wine ; let's welcome our new prince.

Lol. I am afraid least my behauiour
Bee to to rusticke.

Eutr. Dost thou not knowe Philargurus his sonne ?
Hee's Callimelas brother.

Gelas. Is hee soe ?—
Heare, youngest youth of youthes ; I am betrothd
Vnto thy sister, whom I meane to wedde.

Lol. Giue mee thy hande.
How doth my fathers seruant, Grunnio ?

Eutr. Thee, Timon, wee electe as soueraigne,
Prince and commaunder of these Bacchanales :
What lawes dost thou ordaine ?—Peace, ho, awhile !

Tim. That this our computation may haue
A prosp'rous euenta, wee will and commaunde
Whole hogsheades to bee empt'ed, platters fill'd ;
None to depart, vnles hee first obtayne
Leaue of the prince ; wee also doe enacte
That all holde vp their heades, and laughe aloud,

Drinke much at one draughte, breathe not in their
drinke ;*

That none goe out to pisse, that none doe spew
In any corner. Hee that shall offende
In any one of these shall weare infixt
Vppon his hatte an asses eares, and drinke
Nothing but soure wine lees for three daies space.

[*All.*] This acte wee ratifie, confirme, allow.

Lol. I thinke my father hath transgress'd these lawes ;
Hee nothing drinks but lees.

Tim. What, thy father !
Hee is not worthy to exchange olde shoes ;
But thou art noble, and king of good fellowes.

Lol. Father ! hee noe more shall bee my father :
I am a prince ; I scorne and renounce him.

Tim. Lollo, I drinke to thee this whole one.

Lol. Were it a whole hogsheade, I would pledge thee.
What, if I drinke two ? fill them to the brimme.
Wher's hee that shall marry with my sister ?
I drinke this to thee super naculum.*

Dem. This wee doe call at Athenes καθ'ολον.

Tim. Sounde, musicke ! wee will daunce.

[*Sounde musicke.*]

Eutr. Weele celebrate the feaste of Bacchus.—
To make thee prince, I crowne thee with this bole.

Lol. Now, as I liue, this is most noble ale.
Lord, what a zounde is this zoundes in mine eares !

Gelas. Come, let vs daunce : I loue this dauncing
well. [*They daunce.*]

* *breathe not in their drinke*] i. e. stop not to take breath while they are drinking. In his note on the parallel passage of Shakespeare (*First Part of Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 4.), "and, when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem ! and bid you play it off," Steevens cited the present lines to support an erroneous interpretation of the words.

* *super naculum*] See Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Lol. Ile putte my shoes of, leaste they make a noyse.

Tim. Enough, enough.—Lollio, art thou dry?

Lol. I prithee, giue mee some of that redde ale.—
Souldiour, canst drinke?

Lach. Wine's valours whetstone:

That, that made mee a souldiour.

Gelas. Thou orator, thou seem'st to mee too sad :
Ile drowne thy sadnes in this sea of wine.

Dem. A synecdoche of the parte for the whole.—On
again. Obba, fillfull or ffulfill the cuppe. ✓

Pseud. In Ganges Iles I thirty riuers saw
Fill'd with sweete nectar.

Lach. O dainty lyer !

[*Aside.*

Pseud. Thirtie riuers more
With aligaunte;^b thirtie hills of sugar ;
Ale flowed from the rockes, wine from the trees,
Which wee call muskadine.

Gelas. If it please Joue,
I will transerre a plante of that same tree
Into my garden.

Herm. Is't not fine swimming in such a riuier ?

Lol. I coulde bee drowned in such pleasant waues.
The house runnes round ; take heede least the wine fall.

Ob. That shall bee my care ; take heede leaste thou fall.

Lol. What, if the skie fall ? ✓

Ob. Poore men shall eate larkes.

Lol. Soe thinke I ; and Ile eate railles and buntings.^c

Eutr. Why sleepes the cuppe ? why doth it not walke
rounde ?

Thou a commaunder and forgette thy place !

Tim. I will ; and commaunde thee, Eutrapelus,

^b *aligaunte*] As the word is often spelt by our old writers,—i. e. a red wine of Alicant in the province of Valencia.

^c *buntings*] "A bunting, *Alaudula*, *rubetra*, *terraneola*, *calandra*." Coles's *Dict*.

To couer Lollios heade with thy hatte,—
And thou, Hermogenes, lende him thy cloke.

Herm. I lende to him my cloke !

Tim. Soe wee commaunde.

Herm. I care not much ; my clothes, without my cloke,
Are trimme enough to make the people gaze.— [*Aside.*]
Take heede thou soyle it not.

Tim. Gelasimus,
Girde Lollio with thy sworde.

Gelas. Now, by Joue,
✓ I hate these perridiculous asses,
Whose braines containe, noe, not one ounce of witte.

Lach. Hee wants a coate.

Lol. O noble Lollio, O braue^d Lollio !

All. Thrice noble, thrice resplandante Lollio !

Tim. Into thy handes my empire I resigne.

Lol. Am I a prince, then ?

Tim. What dost thou commaunde ?

Lol. Bring me a cuppe ; I am as dry as duste :
Thou shalt my butler bee.

Gelas. What shall I bee ?

Lol. My butler too ; all shall bee my butlers.
What, can yee sing ? singe, sing ; I, Lollio,
Your prince wills and commaunds.

Tim. Wee must obey.
Who doth beginne ?

Eutr. This arte, Hermogenes,
Doth appertaine to thee.

Lol. Obba, stande thou on my righte hande with thy
flaggon.

Herm. [*sings*] *There liues a lasse in the nexte towne,
Call'd Sophrony, call'd Sophrony ;*

Tim. *Smiles sweetely when I lay her downe,
Blithe and bonny, blithe and bonny.*

^d *braue*] i. e. fine, richly dressed.

*Gelas. Shee is not like some foolishe elfe ;
Shee will take vp her clothes herselfe.*

*All. Ha, ha, he, ha, ha, he,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, he !*

*Herm. Shee alone is amiable,
My Sophrony, my Sophrony ;*

Tim. Shee, shee alone is tractable,
* * * * *

*Gelas. Shee is not angry, touche her lippes,
Or els descende betweene her hippes.*

All. Ha, ha, he, &c.

*Herm. Shee weares a smocke downe to her waste,
My Sophrony, my Sophrony ;*

*Tim. Shee hath but one, and that is lac'd ;
Giue her mony, giue her mony.*

*Gelas. Shee weares a gowne downe to her small ;
Shee hath but one, and that is all.*

All. Ha, ha, he, &c.

*Lol. Seethe coblers blacke and iuice of betony,
Mixe thereinto of copres six ounces ;
Tis present remedy 'gainst itche of hogges.*

Tim. Hem, Lollio !

Lol. It also takes away the maunge from dogges.

Eutr. Lollio !

Tim. Prince !

Lol. A litle more good ale !

Gelas. Bring the cuppe, Obba.

*Lol. Where are yee all, my butlers ? follow mee ;
I will conducte yee to my fathers house ;
Follow your prince, followe mee in order :
Eutrapelus, thou shalt my ensigne beare ;
Display the flaggon as it were a flagge.*

^e A line omitted here.

I am Achilles, yee my Myrmidones :
Follow Achilles ; wee haue leuell'd Troy
Downe with the earthe. Hector ? art thou Hector ?

Gelas. I am Gelasimus, thy brother[in]lawe.

Lol. Hadst thou beene Hector, I protest by Joue,
I woulde haue bor'd thee thorough with this sworde.

[*Exit LOLLIO, the rest following.*]

THE THIRDE ACTE, THE FIRST SCENE.

*Enter LOLLIO, TIMON, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS
aduancing his flaggon, GELASIMUS,
PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS.*

Lol. Display the flagge-on.—Where are those Troians ?
What, doe they hide their heades ?

Tim. Why dost thou reele, Achilles, to and fro,
Like to a shippe that's tossed with the waues ?

Lol. The foure windes doe bussle in my heade,
A tempest greate is risen in my braines.

Eutr. I thinke the shippe that carrieth thy witte
Will suffer shippewracke.

Dem. A metaphore worthy of my table booke.^s

Lol. When Corineus fought with Gogmagog,^h
And greate Alcides slewe a puppie-dogge—

Gelas. H'st ; these same dores haue done a greate
offence.

Herm. What ?

Gelas. They did creake ; ha, ha, he ! how likst thou
my conceite ?

Herm. See, see, Gelasimus, how braueⁱ I am !

^s *Lol.* MS. "Gela." ^s *table booke*] i.e. memorandum-book.

^h *When Corineus fought with Gogmagog*] See Thompson's translation of Jeffry of Monmouth's *British History*, p. 35, and Drayton's *Polyolbion, First Song*, p. 12, ed. 1622.

ⁱ *braue*] See note, p. 40.

Enter GRUNNIO.

Grun. Good gods, whom doe I see? what, Lollio,
My masters sonne!

Lol. Grunnio, art thou here?
Thou wast not here at first.

Grun. Art in thy witts?

Lol. Thou knowest not who I am, Grunnio.

Grun. Why, thou art Lollio.

Lol. Why laughe yee not?

Gelas. Must wee laughe? ha, ha, he!
What stratageme is to bee effected?

Lol. This calls mee Lollio. I Achilles,
Or otherwise am called Pelides;
Μῆνιν δειδε, ὁ θεά, Πηληϊάδῳ Ἀχιλλῆος.

Pseud. So speake the Tingitans that inhabitte
The mountaines of Squilmagia.

Dem. A curious parenthesis.

Grun. Art not thou Lollio, and hold'st the ploughe?
Didst thou not cutte mee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when I was sent
To call thee to thy sisters marriage?

Lol. I Lollio! I holde the ploughe! I cutte!
What, did I cutte thee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when thou wast sent
To call mee to my sisters marriage?

Dem. Anaphora or a repetition.

Lol. I yee to witnes call, my Mirmidones;
What say yee?

All. Hees Achilles, Achilles.

Grun. O miracle!—Callimela, Blatte,
Come hither! Lollio is Achilles.

Enter CALLIMELA and BLATTE.

*Blat.** O mee, what tumulte is before my dores?

ἰ *Μῆνιν, δειδε, &c.*] The first line of the Iliad. (The playwright
has wrongly contracted the *ἦ* in *Πηληϊάδεω*.)

* *Blat.*] Qy. "Call."?

Gelas. My lady mistress, Calimele, my queene,
Withdraw not backe your feete.

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen : what is't that yee would
haue ?

Lol. Yee Myrmidons, beholde olde Hecuba !
What, shall wee stone her ?

Gelas. My fellowe soulders, this shall bee my wife :
Is shee not faire ?—How does my Calimele ?

Eutr. Looke in her vrinall, and thou shalt knowe.

Call. Let mee bee gone ; I doe not loue to bee
A laughing stocke.

Gelas. Sweete loue, bee not angry ;
Vppon the mountaine Paphlagonia
There is a stone ——

Call. In Athenes cittie is an arrant foole.

Gelas. Thats call'd ——

Call. Gelasimus.

Lol. Why binde yee not olde Hecuba, that bitche ?

Blat. I olde Hecuba ! I'me Blatte, the nurse :
What ayles the drunken foole ?

Eutr. Timon, why are your eies fixt on the grounde ?

Tim. I feele a wounde.

Eutr. O, Jupiter forbidde !

Tim. Eutrapelus, this is not in Joues pow're.
I subiecte am to Venus tyranny :
These eies betraide my hearte ; these were the gate
And onely way where loue first entred in ;
I saw and lou'd, and must my loue enioye.

Eutr. What sodaine metamorphosis is this ?

Tim. I loue, extreameely loue.

Eutr. What, Callimele ?

Tim. The very same.

Lol. My sparrowe,¹ my marrowe, my sowe,

¹ *My sparrowe*, &c.] This couplet is perhaps intended for part
of a song.

My hony, my cony, my cowe !—
 Achilles is adry : a litle more ale !
 This house doth seeme to walke : what, haue they feete ?
 Or doth it ride on horsebacke ?—Grunnio,
 Am I not in the cloudes ?

Blat. Hence, Callimele ;
 Philargurus thy father is at hande.

[Exeunt CALLIMELE and BLATTE.]

Enter PHILARGURUS at another dore.

Tim. I nothing see, my eies haue loste their light.

Phil. What company is this before my dores ?
 O mee accurs'd ! my hidden golde is founde :
 What shall I doe ? I am vndone, vndone !
 Why hange I not myselfe ? woe and alas !
 I to to longe haue liu'd, who must bee forct
 To ende my daies in pouertie.—Yee theeues,
 Yee theeues, what seeke yee here ?

Eutr. Lollo, thy father.

Lol. My father hange himselfe ! I'me Achilles ;
 I haue this day three thousand Troians slayne.

Phil. Yee theeues, restore what yee haue tane away !

Tim. Olde man, bee patient.

Phil. Ile binde yee hande and foote in iron chaines.—
 Runne, Grunnio, call for the peoples helpe.

Lol. Thou olde, outworne, worme eaten animal,
 What wouldst thou haue ? I am greate Achilles :
 Vnles thou kill mee i'th heele, Achilles
 Will nere bee slaine.

Phil. Lord, Lord, what a strange madnes may this bee !

Gelas. Feare not, Philargurus ; thou hast noe cause :
 I am thy sonne in lawe ; all things are safe ;
 Noe man hath toucht the threshold of thy house.

Phil. O, but my sonne is madde !

Lol. Hast not thou nappy ale ? if thou deny,
 My Myrmidons shall ruinate thy house.

Phil. To ploughe, thou slaue ! that I would haue thee doe.—

Gelasimus, withdraw these youngmen hence ;
I am afraide and tremble every ioynte
Leaste they finde out my golde.

Herm. Giue mee my cloke, Achilles ; it is colde.

Eutr. To bedde and sleepe.

Dem. This birde hath lost his borrowed feathers.

Lol. I pray yee also, O my Myrmidons,
Pull of my doublette ; Ile goe sleepe awhile.

All. Goodnight, braue generall ; farewell.

Lol. This flaggon shall serue mee for a pillow.

Phil. Thou drunken knaue, Ile wake thee with this staffe !

Lol. Hector, oppresse mee not, while I doe sleepe ;
Ile presently arise to fighte.

Phil. Beare him in, Grunnio.—Hath wine subdu'de
Thy heade and feete at once ?

Lol. Prithee, Obba, one cuppe ; but one cuppe more.

Phil. Thou art drunke, thou theefe.

Lol. Thou li'st, thou rascall.—

Where art, Agamemnon ? helpe Achilles ! [*Exeunt.*]

THE SECONDE SCENE.

PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, [*and GRUNNIO*].

Phil. What, shall I suffer such corruption
Of manners in my sonne ? s'deathe, hee shall feele
His fathers fury. What, doe I arise
Carefull before the crowing of the cocke,
And scorne noe gayne, no, not from the dunghill,
That, when I die, my sonne may bee left riche ?
Ile rather hide my treasure in the earthe,
Where neither sunne or moone or humane eies
Hath euer peepte.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. Saue you, Philargurus.

Phil. What wouldst thou haue? bee briefe, or els bee gone.

Lach. My master wishes all the gods thy friendes.

Phil. I all of them his foes, whoere hee bee.

Is this thy arrand?

Lach. Y'are too cholerické;

I come a ioyfull messenger to thee:

Timon doth loue thy daughter feruently,

Will take her without dowry, if you please.

What say you? hee hath also sent these gemmes,

To make accesse to Callimelas loue.

Phil. O happy mee! will Timon take, saist thou,
My daughter without dowry?

Lach. Soe it is.

Phil. Callimela.

Call. What's your pleasure, father?

Phil. Venus doth fauour thee aboue the rest;

A seconde person doth desire thy loue,

A golden youthe: reiecte Gelasimus;

This is farre richer, and thee, Callimele,

Will take without a dowry.

Call. Who doth possesse most golde shall mee possesse:
Let womans loue bee neuer permanent.

Lach. Timon doth consecrate these costly gemmes
Vnto the altars of thy beauty.

Call. I take his gemmes, and send him backe my loue;
Let that bee like a gemme.

Blat. A liberall youngman, I doe proteste,
That to his sweete heart sends such costly giftes.
What colour is his bearde?

Call. Peace, olde dotarde.

Blat. Olde dotarde! why olde dotarde? I haue yet

Two teethe left, see : what, are my kisses dry ?
 Try, souldier; or goe I with a staffe ?
 Or am I eighty yeares of age? why, then,
 Call you mee old dotard?

Call. Peace ; I recante ;
 Thou shalt bee my girle.

Blat. Yes, I am a girle.

Call. Tell Timon I am his.

Lach. Timon is blest :

How well doe beauty and milde loue accorde !

Phil. Without a dowry, that, remember that.

Lach. I speake the truthe.

Phil. Grunnio, make broathe of these two fishes.

[*Two spratts or the like.*

[*Exeunt PHIL., CALL., BLAT., GRUN.*

Lach. Soe are my masters goods consum'd : this way
 Will bring him to the house of pouerty.
 O Joue, conuert him, leaste hee feele to soone
 To much the rodde of desp'rate misery,
 Before his chests bee emptied, which hee
 Had lefte by his forefathers fill'd with golde !
 Well, howsoeuer fortune play her parte,
 Laches from Timon neuer shall departe. [*Exit.*

THE THIRDE SCENE OF THE THIRDE ACTE.

EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO.

Eutr. What is become of all thy wonted mirth,
 Thy odde conceites and smiles ? plucke vp thy hearte :
 Dost thou forgette what must bee done next monthe ?
 Thou shalt the scepter 'mong the Pigmies sway.

Gelas. Bee gone : I am melancholy, by Joue.

Pseud. What ayleth thee ?

Gelas. I will not tell, if Joue himselfe should aske.

Eutr. Wee'le helpe thee.

Pseud. If any thinge can helpe thee, that doth growe

Vppon the mountaines of Armenia,
In Dacia, or Tingitania,
Or in the Mediterranean Sea,
It shall bee had forthwith. Why speak'st thou not?

Gelas. There's noe helpe founde for this my malady ;
No, not beneathe th' Antipodes themselues.
Leaue mee vnto myselfe : I by myselfe
Will walke the woods alone.

Eutr. Wilt thou not suppe?

Gelas. Nor suppe nor dine.

Pseud. What, art thou soe peruerse,
And wilt not tell the cause of this thy grieffe?

Eutr. Vrge him no more ; hee of his owne accorde
Will vtter all vnask'd.

Gelas. Soe the gods loue mee, I doe nothing see
That this fonde foolishe girle can blame in mee :
I am not redde hair'd, and I am noe dwarfe ;
What, then, can shee dislike ? are my palmes dry ?
Am I not a gentleman by descent ?
Am I not riche enough ? what man is there
Liues in all Athenes richer than myselfe ?
Am I a foole ? my braines howere they are,
I knowe them well ; I am noe foole or asse.
Well, bee it soe : vse thy will, Callimele ;
Despise mee, and reiecte mee.

Pseud. What is this ?

Eutr. Hee feares leaste hee hath lou'd in vaine : this day
Hee sawe some iewells sent to Callimele ;
Timon is his corriuall.

Gelas. Well, cast mee of, I say ; allure, entice
To thee thy Timon ; Juno giue successe
To these your nuptialls ! yet vnreueng'd
I will not let it passe ; Gelasimus
Hath both a sworde and hande can wielde his sworde.

Eutr. What, will hee challenge Callimele to fight ?

B

Gelas. To wake a sleeping lyon, what it is,
I'll make thee knowe: I'll meditate reuenge
Worthy myselfe; to morrow, arm'd with shielde,
I will prouoke thee to encounter mee.

Pseud. O valiant champion! this Theseus
Did when hee conquered Hipolita.

Eutr. Gelasimus, but heare, Gelasimus:
Suppose that Callimela in a rage
Come with a drawne sworde threatening thy deathe?

Gelas. Thou saiest very well: these women are
A pestiferous kinde of animals;
'Twere safer fighting with an hoste of men;
Therefore for mee let her enioy her loue.

Pseud. Fie, cowarde, fie, fearest thou womans strength?
While I was last among the Amazons,
I slewe two thousande women at one time.

Gelas. Did you see?—Goe, Pædio, in my name
Tell Callimele I'll combatize with her:
He fighte, by Joue.

Eutr. What dost thou meane to doe?
Wilt doe thyselfe a mischief? Omphale
Brake with a slipper Hercules owne heade.

Gelas. Stay, Pædio, stay, stay: though I am stronge,
I am not yet soe stronge as Hercules;
I will not fighte, by Joue.

Eutr. What, dost thou grieue at Callimelas losse,
Who worthy art of Venus to thy wife?

Pæd. To make him a cornuted Mulciber. [*Aside.*]

Pseud. Gelasimus, wilt that I seeke thee out
A princely wife? then sayle along with mee
To th' Antipodes; there the kings daughter
Shall bee in loue with thee at the first sighte,
If I but say the worde.

Gelas. Now, as I liue, this is most admirable; ha,
ha, he!
How this reioices mee!

Eutr. O foolisher than foolishnes itselfe ! [*Aside.*]

Gelas. I Callimele ! I scorne her I, by Joue.
I prithee, tell mee where's the woodden horse
That may transporte vs to th' Antipodes ?

Pseud. As yet hee is in th' Ionian sea :
I expecte his comming euery day.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !
The kings owne daughter of th' Antipodes !
Ha, ha, he !

Joye soe abounds, I doe not knowe myselfe :
Daughter of th' Antipodes ! at first sighte !

Eutr. Yes, if hee but say the worde.

Pæd. My master doth excell Democritus ;
Hee hath a spleene more petulant by farre. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. Goe, Pædio, to Pyræum ; inquire
If any shippe hath there arriu'd this day
From the Ionian sea. The meane while,
In mirthe at home wee will the time beguile. [*Exeunt.*]

THE FOURTHE SCENE.

*Enter OBBA and the Musitians ; OBBA bringing a baskette
of flowers.*

Ob. Yee fidlers, follow mee ; there take your place :
If that your throates are dry, Ile liquour them.
Ile straw these flowers on the ground : this day
My master must bee married ; if I
Bee not well tipped before euening,
I Obba ne're will drinke καθ'ολον more.

Enter GRUNNIO.

O Joue, what doe I see ? vse ghosts to walke
Before our dores ? whose spirit art thou ? speake ;
I thee adiure by Proserpinaes heade,
By Acheron, by Styx, and Phlegeton,
And by the dismall boate that Charon rowes,
By triple-headed Cerberus, by——

Grun. Lord, Obba,
What meanest thou by this? dost thou not knowe
Leane, macilente^m Grunnio?

Ob. I verily did take thee for some sp^rite :
Thou lookst like an anatomy;ⁿ mee thinks
The winde shoulde whirle thee vp into the ayre.

Grun. That I preuente by wearing leaden soles.

Ob. By Joue, thou art transparent; if I stande
Behinde thy backe, I can see through thy nose.

Grun. Tho[u] see'st what 'tis to liue on browne breade crusts,
To drinke deade vineger, and lodge in straw.

Ob. Ha, ha, he !
I am almoste dissolu'd into laughter :
Art not thou Famines sonne ?

Grun. I rather thinke
Famine to bee my sonne, mee her mother :
These tenne months I haue borne her in my wombe,
And hope to bee deliuered this feaste.

Ob. What doth Philargurus at home ?

Grun. Hee tells^o
How many spyders are about his house,
Leaste any one of vs steale one of them ;
And in a vessell charily doth keepe
The vrine of his hungry family,
And sells it to the diars ; when hee sleepees,
Ties a paire of bellowes to his winde-pipe.

Ob. Why soe ?

Grun. Least in his sleepe he lose parte of his breathe.

^m *Leane, macilente*] Synonymes. ⁿ *anatomy*] i. e. skeleton.
^o *tells*] i. e. counts.—Here the writer had an eye to the *Aulularia*
of Plautus ;

“ Araneas mihi ego illas seruari volo.”
1. 2. 9.

“ Quin, quom it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam.
A. Cur ? STR. Ne quid animæ forte amittat dormiens.”

ii. 4. 23.

(I follow the excellent text of Bothe.)

Ob. O thrifty man !

Grun. Wilt suffer mee, after the feaste is done,
To licke the greazy platters ?

Ob. Ile fill thy paunche full ; neuer feare thy guttes.^p

Grun. I see my master comming : Obba, where,
Where shall I hide mee ? what, in the buttry ?

Ob. Follow mee.

Grun. O, how my teethe doe water !

ACTUS TERTII SCENA QUINTA.

Enter TIMON, CALLIMELA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS,
HERMOGENES, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, DEMEAS,
LACHES, BLATTE.

Tim. Soe I embrace thee in my armes, who art
My life and light.

Call. O, how such sweete embraces I desire,
Who without thee am neither life nor light !

Gelas. Shee sees not mee as yet ; if once shee did,
I know shee would put finger in the eye.

Call. Thou art my Titan, I thy Cynthia ;
From thy bright beames my beauty is deriu'd. ✓

Gelas. Can the kings daughter of th' Antipodes
Speake soe compleately ?

Pseud. Shee hath a parrot
Can speake more elegantly.

Gelas. That is well.

Tim. My life, why doe wee thus delay the time ?
Ile plight to thee my trothe in Pallas temple :
Art thou well pleas'd with this, my hony ?

Call. What pleases Timon, cannot mee displease.

Phil. Timon, thou hast a wife morigerous ;^q
Shee is the onely comfort of my age.

^p *feare thy guttes*] i. e. fear for thy guts. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, i. 291. ii. 209. ed. Dyce.

^q *morigerous*] i. e. compliant, acquiescent.

Lach. Thou li'st, thou thinkest thy gold a sweeter.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Let it bee lawfull for mee (most honorable, not onerable paire) awhile to reteyne and deteyne, ligate and obligate your eares with my words, neither aspersed or inspersed with the flore or rore^r of eloquence. Yee are both like in nature and in nurture, alike in genius and both alike ingenuous : what Timon refuses, Callimela refuses ; what Callimela wills, Timon also wills ; soe that Callimela may not bee but Timons Callimela, and Timon but Callimelas Timon.

Eutr. Holde thou thy peace, thou prating orator ; Hence with thy tropes !—Let's hie to the temple.—Hermogenes, out of thy greazy throate Sing vs some sweete epithalamion.

Lach. Heele croke it like a frogge, I knowe ; I feare Least this extrauagant singing fidler Hath quite forgotte his arte. [*Aside.*]

Herm. I sing among the people ! I ! what, I ! Is not Hermogenes a noble ? My page Shall acte my parte : if hee sing not a song Of sweeter harmony than Orpheus, I neuer more will sattin breeches weare.

The Musicians playe, and Hermogenes Page sings.

*A faire mayden creature,
Than hony farre more sweete,
Whom the godds for feature
Might well desire to greete ;
Whose beauty Venus might
Enuy, as farre more bright,
Hath felt God Cupids dart,
That prick'd her at the hearte.*

^r rore] i. e. dew.

*Loue's victor ; hence the cries
Of young men pierce the skies.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

*[Page.] Let Hymens ioyfull saffron weede
Assiste them alwaies at their neede.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

*[Page.] Let Phæbus hide his light,
And day bee turn'd to night,
That the new bride now may
The bridegroomes flames allay ;
Let Cupid straw loue flowres,
Venus augment love houres.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

*[Page.] Let Hymens ioyfull saffron weede
Assiste them alwaies at their neede.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

Enter a shippwrackte Sayler.

Sayl. Immortall gods, why mocke yee mortalls thus ?—
Where shall I finde Timon, wretched Timon ?

Tim. Who with such clamors interrupts our ioyes ?
Speake, what soe're it is.

Sayl. I bring thee heauy newes ; thy shippes are
drown'd

In Neptunes waues, not one of them arriu'd.

Lach. The gods forbidde !

Sayl. Neptune, thy foe, hath wrought thee this mis-
happe,

And swallow'd vppe thy gemmes in his vast wombe,
And neuer will restore them backe againe. *[Exit.*

Tim. At lengthe I knowe what misery doth meane.

Phil. Hence, Callimele, hence from that beggers side.

Gelas. Thou would'st not haue mee to thy sonne in
law ;

What, doth it yet repent thee ?

Phil. Giue mee my daughter; why dost thou claspe her?
Shees none of thine.

Tim. Doth Callimele say soe?

Call. I loued Timon riche, not Timon poore;
Thou art not now the man thou wast before.

Phil. This is my wisdom, this shee learn'd of mee.

Tim. Wealth being loste, the loue which was remaines:
Why dost thou soe inconstantly revolte?
Beholde the light of Hymenæus lampes!
Why turnest thou thy face away from mee?
What, am I such an eiesore now to thee?

Phil. Away, away, thou poore three farthing Jacke!
Thou faggende of the people, get thee hence!
Touche not my daughter, thou.

Tim. Callimela!

Blat. Thus goods and loue are shippewrackt both at
once:

Come, I'le receaue thee into fauour, come.

Phil. Base pouertie doth followe luxury:
Get home, and liue by mending of olde shoes;
Spende not whole daies in drunken Bacchus cuppes;
Goe home, thou slaue, or here, with hunger pin'd,
Belche out thy soule: I hate a man thats poore;
Hees worse than any homicide.

Tim. O thou, whoe're thou art, that dost dispose
Of paines in hell, dismissee thou Tantalus!
This fellow is more worthy to endure
Dry schorching thirst, and yet to stande for aye
Vp to the chinne in water.

Herm. Why dost thou not lamente, Eutrapelus?

Eutr. My eies are of pumice stone, I cannot.

Gelas. To morrow, Callimela, I will sayle
To the kings daughter of Antipodes;
Expect mee not thy sutor any more.

Tim. Doth noe small sparcle of thy loue remaine?

Phil. Hence, my sweete girle ; vouchsafe him not one worde ;

Hees worse than a crocodile or serpent,
Nay, worse than the diuell himselfe.

Gelas. Why soe ?

Phil. Because hees poore.

[*Exeunt PHIL., CALL., and BLAT.*]

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

How melancholy walkes hee to and fro !——
Thou shalt, if that thou wilt, mende my olde shoes.

Lach. I will not see my master thus abus'd,
I'le rather die.—What dost ? whom speakst thou to ?
Hence, least thou feele my cholericke reuenge !
And quickly to bee gone, I say : thou foole,
Dost thou deride my masters miseries ?

Gelas. Thou knowst not how I hate these souldiers
That looke soe furious. Come, let vs goe ;
I am even sicke to see his face, vah !

Eutr. Weele goe along with thee.

Herm. Thy masters harde misfortune I lamente.

Dem. Commend my loue to bee at his commaunde.

[*Exeunt GELAS., PSEUD., EUTR., HERM., and DEM.*]

Lach. The shadowes all are gone ; noe sunne shines
here.—

Master, why muse you thus ? what thinke you on ?
Why are your eyes soe fixed on the earth ?
Pull vp your spirits ; all aduersity
By patience is made more tolerable.

Tim. Great father of the gods, what wickednes,
What impious sinne haue I committed ?
What, haue I^a piss'd vppon my fathers vrne ?

^a *What, haue I, &c.]* From Horace ;

“ utrum

Minxerit in patris cineres.”

Ars P. 470.

Or haue I poyson'd my forefathers? what,
What, what haue I deseru'd, an innocent?

Lach. His countenance bewraies his vexed soule.

[*Aside.*

Tim. O Joue, O Joue,
Haue I thy altar seldome visited?
Or haue I beene to proud? or yet deny'd
To succour poore men in necessity?
Not this, nor that: yee gods haue vow'd my fall;
Thou, thou hast vow'd it, Joue; against mee, then,
Discharge whole vollies of thy thunderclapps,
And strike mee thorough with thy thunderbolte,
Or with a sodeine flashe of lighteninge
Destroy mee quicke from thy supernall throne!
I knowe not how to suffer pouertie,
Who haue soe oft relieu'd the poore with golde.

Lach. Leaue of complaints; grieffe augments misery.

Tim. I am besides myselfe, I knowe not how.
Hymen, why, Hymen, are thy lampes extincte?
Come, light them once againe; my bride's at hande:
A fonde dreame Timon neuer shall deiecte;
My Callimele complaines, I stay to long;
I come, my light, in dreames Ile come to thee!

Lach. Where rushe you heade-long? master, Callimele
Hath lefte thee basely and ingratefully,
And hath despised thee, now thou art poore.

Tim. Thou speakst the truthe; shee's gone, shee's
gone indeede.

O most inconstant sexe of womankinde,
Proude, cruell, stiffenecked, and more monstrous
Than any monster bredde in Affrica!
Is this their faithfull loue? the vowes they make?
Yee cursed Furies, thou, thou, Megæra,
Helpe to augmente my fury!

Lach. Comfort yourself ; you haue some friends yet lefte.

Tim. I'st possible a poore man should haue friends?

Lach. Aduersitie cannot parte faithfull friends. ✓

Tim. Hee is deceau'd that lookes for faith on earthe :
Faith is in heauen, and scornes mortall men.

I am compelled by necessity

To proue my friends : thus poore and destitute,
I goe to seeke reliefe from other men. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA 1^{ma}.

*Enter TIMON at one dore ; DEMEAS and EUTRAPELUS
at another.*

Tim. Vnhappy Timon doth salute his friends.

Dem. Whom speakes hee to? what, dost thou knowe
this man?

Eutr. I doe confesse that I haue seene his face,
But where I cannot tell.

Tim. Afflicted and forsaken on each side,
And lefte to the wide worlde, I yee beseeche
To giue mee house-roome ; only this I aske,
A hole wherein to hide my misery.

Dem. Art thou a stranger or Athenian?
What country? whats thy name?

Tim. Know'st thou not? ah, Demeas, know'st thou not?
This face, these hands thou heretofore didst knowe :
Am I soe soone forgotte and wholly chang'd?
And is there nothing now of Timon lefte?

Dem. Thou brazen face, I ne're sawe thee before.

Eutr. This fellowe would insinuate, I thinke.

Tim. Where hide yee your heads, yee heau'nly powers?
They doe despise their needy friend, yet liue
And breathe a guilty soule : O supreme Ioue,
Why doth thy right hande cease to punish sinne?
Strike one of these with thunder from aboue,

And with thy lightening reuenge my cause !
Strike which thou wilt, thy hande it cannot erre.

Dem. Ha, ha, he ! how tragicall hee is !

Tim. O yee ingratefull, haue I freed yee
From bonds in prison to requite mee thus ?
To trample o're mee in my misery ?
True Scythians broode, cruell, ingratefull,
Yee make mee liue in woe and heauines.
Tell mee, O tell mee, yee perfidious,
Where is your faith vow'd of your owne accorde ?
Where are your vōwes soe largely promised ?
What, are they all gone with the winde ?

Dem. Come hither ; I will giue thee this one groate,
But thou must publish my munificence.

Tim. Thus I returne it backe into thy face :
Ne're bende thy browes ; proude threats I doe not feare.

Eutr. Come, let vs hence ; this man is lunaticke.

Dem. Looke to thy braines, least in the plenilune
Thou waxe more madde. Farewell.

[*Exeunt DEMEAS and EUTRAPELUS.*]

TIMON solus.

Tim. Fire, water, sworde confounde yee ! let the crows
Feede on your peckt out entrailes, and your bones
Wante a sepulchre ! worthy, O, worthy yee,
That thus haue falsifi'd your faith to mee,
To dwell in Phlegeton ! Rushe on me heau'n,
Soe that on them it rushe ! Mount Caucasus
Fall on my shoulders, soe on them it fall !
Paine I respecte not. O holy Justice,
If thou inheritte heau'n, descende at once,
Eu'n all at once vnto a wretches hands !
Make mee an arbiter of ghosts in hell, -
That, when they shall with an vnhappy pace
Descende the silent house of Erebus,

They may feele paines that neuer tongue can tell !
 But where am I ? I doe lamente in vaine ;
 Noe earthe as yet relieu'd a wretches paine :
 I am well pleas'd to goe vnto the ghosts.
 Open, thou earthe, and swallowe mee alive !
 Ile headelonge tumble into Styx his lake :
 Wilt thou not open, earthe, at my requeste ?
 Must I suruiue against my will ? then here
 Shall bee my place : who on the earthe lies, hee
 Can fall noe lower than the same, I see.

[*Timon lies downe.*]

SCENA SECUNDA.

ABYSSUS *at one*, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO, *at another dore.*

Abys. Why stay'd you thus ? the gold is all ready.

Gelas. Right worshippfull Abyssus, bee content :
 I spent this whole day with the notary :
 This paper doth confirme to thee my lands ;
 Here, take it ; I'le goe and finde farre better
 'Mong th'Antipodes.

Pseud. There the earthe brings forth,
 Among the wheate, eares of gold and siluer.

Abys. I wante my spectacles ; reade it, Gelasimus.

Gelas. *Bee it knowen vnto all men by these presents that I Gelasimus of the Golden Hill, gentleman, sonne and heire of Rubicunde^t of the Ilands, lately deceased, haue graunted, bargayned, and solde to Abyssus, citizen of Athenes, in the parish of Ribalde, a thousand acres of lande with the appurtenances, all goods and chattells, moueable and im-moueable, aliue and deade, of kinde and condicion whatsoeuer, in the possession of any whosoever, in any place wheresoeuer ; which bargayne and sale I Gelasimus will warrantize to the aforesaid Abyssus, his heyres and as-*

^t *Rubicunde.*] But at p. 22, the father of Gelasimus is called *Megadorus*.

*signes, agaynst all nations for cuer, by these presents : in
witnes hereof I haue hereunto set my hande and seale the
and in the one thousand sixty
ninthe Olympiade.*

Abys. Tis well.—An olde birde is not caught with
chaffe;

Hee that will cheate mee must arise betimes.— [*Aside.*
Here, take this gold; I will possesse thy lands
And mannor houses.

Tim. What's this? hee alsoe sell his heritage,
More worthy farre, O Joue, of pouertie!
That let him feele, and beare mee companie..

Gelas. Thou, Pseudocheus, shalt the one halfe beare,
And I the other.

Pseud. Committe the whole to mee; Ile not impose
Soe greate a burthen on thee.

[*GELASIMUS giues him the gold.*

Gelas. What, shall wee trauayle through that citty,
where

The candles walke, and cattles play on the fiddle?
How I desire to see such pretty sights!

Abys.^u Farewell, farewell; happy bee thy voyage!
Ile goe take possession of my lands.

Gelas. Farewell, most bright Abyssus: the next
monthe

Ile sende thee letters from th' Antipodes. [*Exit ABYSSUS.*
Pædio.

Pæd. What, master?

Gelas. Goe, fetch the taylor to prepare new clothes
For this my iourney; thou maist alsoe bidde
The barbor come, that hee with his razor
Shaue of th' exorbitant haire of my bearde.

Pseud. You neede noe barbor; bearded men are there
More amiable.

^u *Abys.*] MS. "Pseud."

Gelas. Is't soe?—

Buy mee some hony to anoynte my cheekes,
To make my bearde grow to perfection.

Pseud. Peace, peace; here comes Lollios Hecuba.

Enter BLATTE.

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen; may all youthly things
Bee safe and sound! Thou art Gelasimus,
Vnles my eies deceaue my sight.

Gelas. I am:

What wouldst thou haue with mee? I know thee well;
Speake boldly, faire and fearefull Hecuba.—
I feare leaste shee prouoke mee vnto fight
In Callimelas name [*Aside*].—Speake out, I say.

Blat. You well doe knowe the frailtie of our sexe.

Gelas. By Joue, I will not fight 'fore I am vrg'd;
This openly I tell thee.

Blat. Affections soone stirre vp in our breasts.

Gelas. I feare the euenta. [*Aside.*]

Blat. This I doe knowe, who, when I was a girle,
Felt what the vowes of youngmen could prevayle
With flatt'ring tongues: Callimela therefore—

Gelas. And what of Callimele? what will shee doe?

Blat. Shee doth beseeche thee to renewe thy sute,
And with the bellowes of affection
Blowe vp the cynders of thy former loue,
And to forgette all wrongs.

Gelas. Doth shee loue mee?

Blat. I knowe shee dothe, and that not vulgarly.

Gelas. I will consider of it with myselfe.

Tim. O woman, more inconstant than the winde,
The wether, fethers, or Joues thunderbolt!
Thou heretofore didst shew mee a faire face,
And now by turnes dost varry with the time.

Gelas. It is decreed ; I verily doe grieue
That I am called elsewhere by the Fates :
My loue is gone beyonde the seas ; where I
Must bee espoused to a princely maide ;
But, least shee wholly should consume through griefe,
Melte into teares, I'le breathe to her one kisse,
Before I goe a shippeboard.

Blat. Thou truly art a kinde youngman, and dost
What doth befitt thee.

Pseud. What oxe is this that lieth on the ground ?

Tim. What's that to thee ?

Gelas. Rise, arise.

Tim. I will not.

Gelas. Art thou a foole ?

Tim. But art thou wise ?

Gelas. Farewell.

Tim. Bee hang'd !

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! how concisely the rogue speakes !

Blat. 'Tis Timon ; doe yee not knowe him ?

Gelas. That were a thinge indeede ridiculous,
To knowe a man that's poore.—Sirrah, take heede,
Least that thou catche a coughe : heare you, sirrah ?
The ground's to colde a bed to lie vppon.

Tim. Nothing.

Gelas. Thy hearing, therefore, is not good.

Tim. And yet I am not deafe.

Gelas. What's this ?

Tim. Somethinge.

Gelas. What's this something ?

Tim. Nothing, I say, nothing :

All things are made nothing.

Pseud. Thou bee a sonne in law vnto a kinge,
And yet vouchsafe to talke with such a one !
Hee hath not wherewith to buy a haltar.

Tim. Soe, thou abhominable father of lies,

What mighty spoiles and triumphes thou hast gain'd,
Thus to despise a wretche in misery !

Blat. Why stay you thus, Gelasimus, to sende
By mee the kisse you promis'd Callimele ?
Goe yee into the house.

Gelas. Goe thou before ;
Olde age is reuerent ; weele follow thee.

Blat. That's kindly done to putte mee in before ;
A kisse and that together will doe well.

Tim. Greate Joue confounde yee !

Pseud. Barke not so, thou dogge.

[*Exeunt* [BLAT., GELAS., PSEUD., and PÆD.]]

Tim. Thou, nature, take from mee this humane shape,
And mee transforme into a dire serpent,
Or griesly lyon, such a one as yet
Nere Lybia or Affrica hath seene,
Or els into a crocodile or bore,—
What not ? or with my basiliscan eies
May I kill all I see, that at the length
These base ingratefull persons may descende
The pitte of hell ! thus would I bee reueng'd.

SCENA 3^a.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, and SPEUSIPPUS, in gownes.

Herm. Most graue philosophers, your company
Doth much delight mee ; truly, I doe loue
Your witty disputations.

Stil. A man may loue two manner of waies, effectiuelly
or causally.

Herm. I pray thee, giue mee these 2 termes.

Stil. Noe, they are mine as well *κατὰ χρῆσιν* as *κατὰ
κτῆσιν* ; a talente shall not buy them.

Herm. There is a question that long hath troubled
mee,—whether there be a man in the moone.

Speus. To wit, a numerically indiuiduall, which may

✓ haue there really and intrinsecally an entitatie acte and essence, besides a formall existence, or whether that bee Platoes Idea abstracted from the humane species, which they affirme to bee vnder the concaue of the moone.

Stil. The moone may bee taken 4 manner of waies; either specificatiuely, or quidditatiuely, or superficially, or catapodially.

Herm. To morrow, if Ioue please, Ile buy these termes.

Stil. The man in the moone is not in the moone superficially, although he bee in the moone (as the Greekes will haue it) catapodially, specificatiuely, and quidditatiuely.

Speus. I proue the contrary to thee thus. Whatsoever is moued to the motion of the moone, is in the moone superficially; but the man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone; ergo the man in the moone really exists in the moone superficially.

Stil. I answere by distinguishing. The man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone, according to a formall conceipte, æquiucally and virtually, not entitatie vnivocally and naturally; it is true respectiuely and *vt quo*, but not simply and *vt quod*.

Herm. Stilpo, how wilt thou sell these articles of distinction?

Stil. For 20*l*.

Herm. For such trifles! how deare are thy wares! wilt take 16?

Stil. Dost thinke philosophy is soe litle worth? I cannot.

✓ *Herm.* Bee it soe; because these phrases please mee, and their terminations ende all alike, thou shalt haue 20*l*. Repeate them againe.

Stil. A thinge may bee mooued entitatiuely or formally—

Herm. Entitatiuely or formally! I pray thee, resolute

mee of that scruple,—am I moued entitatiuely or formally?

Speus. Thou art moued formally, prioristically in the thing considered, not posterioristically in the manner of considering.

Tim. Hermogenes, remembrest thou thy vow?
Hermogenes! [*TIMON ariseth from the grounde.*]

Herm. What wouldst thou haue?

Tim. Houserooke:
Suffer mee not to perish with the colde,
Vnder the open ayre.

Herm. Thou art troublesome.—
I hearde from Pseudocheus, a most skillfull chronographer, that the moone was an ilande pendante in the ayre, and that there inhabite many myriades of men. ✓

Stil. Tis true, not circumsriptiuely as the last spheare, nor repletuely, but definitiuely as an angell; this hee spake tentatiuely, not dogmatically.

Tim. What, wilt thou not vouchesafe to looke on mee?

Herm. Bee gone, bee gone! thou art troublesome, I say.

Tim. Thou thanklesse wretch, dost thou reiect mee thus?

Thus proudly tramplest on my miseries?

Herm. If thou art wretched, goe and hange thyselfe;
An haltar soone will mitigate thy grieffe.

Stil. A man may hange himselfe 2 manner of waies;
either aptitudinally and catachrestically, or perpendicularly and inhæsiuely: choose which of these thou wilt.

Tim. O Titan, seest thou this, and is it seene?
Eternall darknes ceaze vppon the day!
Yee starres, goe backward! and a fearefull fire
Burne vp the articke and antarticke pole!
Noe age, noe country yeelds a faithfull friende.
A cursed furie ouerflowes my breast:

I will consume this cittie into dust
And ashes ! where is fire ? Tysiphone,
Bring here thy flames ! I am to mischiefe bente ;
These naked handes wante but some instrumente.

Herm. Stilpo, Speusippus, vent your sentences :
Appease his fury ; it doth rage to much.

Speus. Man's like vnto the sea, that ebbes and flowes,
And all things in this world vnstable are.

Stil. There's nothing on the earth that's permanent :
As cloudes disperse the force of Boreas,
Soe all things into nothing doe returne.

Speus. Aduersity cannot daunte a wise man.

Stil. Art thou opprest with grieve ? be patient.

Speus. A heauy burthen patience makes light.

Stil. Hath fortune left thee naked and forlorne ?
Then clothe thyselfe with vertue.

Speus. Vertue alone beatifies the minde.

Stil. Shee is not blinde.

Speus. Shee cannot bee deceau'd.

Stil. Shee doth despise noe man.

Speus. Shee none forsakes.

Stil. Shee is not angry.

Speus. Doth not change.

Stil. Nor rage.

Speus. With comfort shee relieues the griued soule.

Stil. Shees fairer euery day than other.

Speus. The nearer, shee the fairer doth appeare.

Tim. This grieues mee worse than all my pouerty.—
Hence, hence, yee varletts !

Stil. The chiefest good in vertue doth consiste.

Speus. Whose rage is moderate, that man is wise.

Stil. Hee that is wise is rich.

Speus. Whom fortune quailles
Is poore and base.

Tim. Your counsaile hath deseru'd these thanks.

[TIMON beates them.]

Speus. Oh, oh !

Oh ! dost thou buffet a philosopher ?

Will a free cittie such a deede allowe ?

Stil. O, I am holy ! oh, withdraw thy handes !

Herm. Ile runne away, and take mee to my heeles.

Tim. Not soe, not soe ; Ile recompence thy pride.

[*TIMON beates him ; HERM. runnes
away ; TIM. followes him in at
one dore, and enters at another.*

Stil. How doth thy heade, Speusippus ?

Speus. It doth ake,

As well posterioristically

As prioristically. Let vs hence,

Least hee againe assault vs with his fistes.

[*Exeunt SPEUS. and STIL.*]

Tim. What, hath hee thus escaped from my handes ?

Thou goddess Nemesis, reuenge my wronge !

Let him, O, let him wander vp and downe,

A wretche vnkowne, through cities and through townes !

Let him desire to die, and yet not die !

And when hees deade, rewarde him, Rhadamant,

According to his meritts ! hee deserues

The paine of Sysiphus, thirste of Tantalus,

And in thy lake, Cocytus, to remaine.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. My masters voyce doth ecchoe in my eares :

How full of fury is his countenance !

His tongue doth threaten, and his hearte doth sighe ;

The greatnes of his spirit will not downe.

Tim. Thee, thee, O sunne, I doe to witnesse call,

These harde misfortunes I haue not deseru'd !

Lach. But sitte vppon some other earthe and pray :

This place is barbarous ; here their proude handes

Scorne to relieve a poore man in his neede.

[*TIMON standes vp.*

Tim. O thou, reuenge, come wholly to my hands !
I will reuenge.

Lach. That takes not grieve away.

Tim. But it will lessen grieue : something Ile doe ;
Ile not consume this day in idlenesse.
Inuite these rascalls.

Lach. What shall they doe here ?

Tim. I haue prepared them a worthy feaste :
Goe, call them therefore ; tell them there remaines
Of soe much wealth as yet some ouerplus.

[Exit TIMON at one dore, LACH. at another.]

SCENA 4^a.

*Enter OBBA with a basket, about to spreade the table, and
GRUNNIO speakes to him out of his hole.*

Grun. Is this the wedding day ? soe Joue mee loue,
These teethe as yet toucht not one crust this day.

Ob. Neither shall they ; hence, thou spidercatcher !^v

[Hee offers to pull him out.]

Grun. Obba, why art thou soe extreme angry ?
And why dost thou soe vnmercifully,
Without my dinner, turne mee out of dores ?

Ob. Wee nothing haue to doing with you now :
Thy masters daughter hath cast of Timon.
Come out of thy hole ; thou shalt not lurke here.

[Hee pulls him out.]

Grun. O cruell Obba, hast thou noe pitty ?
O, suffer but my nose to smell the meate !
I truly am more hungry than hunger.

Ob. Wert thou hunger itselke in the abstracte,
Thou shouldst not moue mee to compassion.

Grun. Must I, then, Grunnio, bee hungerstaru'd ?
What shall I doe ? what will become of mee ?
Nothing's at home but leane long legg'd spiders.

^v spidercatcher.] i. e. monkey.

Ob. Goe, fatte thyselfe with them.

Grun. Farewell, Obba :

Inhumane Obba, if I die this day,
One legge of mutton put into my graue,
I may suppe better in the world belowe. [*Exit.*

SCEN. 5^a.

TIMON, LACHES, OBBA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS,
PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS, EUTRAPELUS : HERMOGENES,
STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS *come awhile after.*

Tim. Furnish the table, sette on dainty cheare ;
Timon doth bidde his friends their last farewell.

Phil. Thou wisely dost ; it is too late to spare
When all is spent ; whom the gods woulde haue
To liue but poorely, let him bee content.

Tim. What man is hee can wayle the losse of wealthe,
Guarded with such a friendly company ?
Ill thriue my gold, it shall not wring one teare
From these mine eies, nor one sigh from my hearte :
My friends sticke close to mee, they will not starte.

Dem. Is hee madde ? wee knew him not this morning :
Hath hee soe soone forgotte an iniury ?

Now enter HERM., STIL., SPEUS., and drawe backe.

Lach. Putte of fonde feare ; why draw yee backe your
feete ?

Herm. I feare my heade.

Tim. Much hayle, Hermogenes,—
Saue yee, philosophers.

Speus. Saue yee, said hee ?
Such words are better farre than stripes and blowes.

Tim. Yare welcome all : spende yee this day in mirth,
Mixe laughter and conceits with this our feaste,
And lay aside all graue seueritie.

Stil. There lie, philosopher. I put of all formalities,

excentricall and concentricall vniuersalities, before the thinge, in the thinge, and after the thinge, specifications categorematicall and syncategorematicall, hæcceities complete and *ἁπλως*, or incomplete and *κατά τι*.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! hee seemes like a dry heringe.

Tim. Expecte noe iunketts, or yet dainty fare :
What cheare poore Timon hath, y'are welcome to.

Phil. I loue a piece of beefe.

Gelas. I hony sopps.

Pseud. Giue mee a phoenix stew'd in ambergreece.

Dem. I loue an artichoke pie sok'd in marrow.

Eutr. Fill platters with wine ; weelee eate it with spoones.

Herm. I pray thee, putte a pheasante on the table.

Stil. I pray thee, let not mustard bee wanting.

Speus. Bee mindefull of fatte bacon ; I doe loue
To line my choppes well with the greeze thereof.

Tim. Weelee wante for nothing ; that shall bee my care. [Exit.]

Gelas. Philosophers say that mustarde is obnoxious to the memory.

Stil. Mustarde by itselpe is obnoxious, to the memory by an accident.

Herm. Heare yee my opinion, who am halfe a philosopher.

Eutr. Partly a fidler, partly a foole.

Gelas. Thou art too bitter ; peace.

Herm. Mustarde originally and proximely is obnoxious, to the memory instrumentally and remotely.

Gelas. O, ex'lent witty, and beyonde compare !
Thou shalt with mee to the Antipodes,
If that thou please : this ingenuity
I loue in any man.

Phil. Art thou resolved on thy iourney ?

Gelas. Yes :

This morning I haue play'd the alchymist,
Conuerting all my lands to pure golde.

Dem. A metalepsis or transumption from one thinge ✓
to another.

Gelas. Pseudocheus,
How many miles thinke you that wee must goe?

Pseud. Two thousande, 44. ✓

Stil. What dost thou meane?
A number numbering, or numbered?

Pseud. My eares attende not to these idle trifles:
Thou art a trifling philosopher; peace:
Perseus, hee had a winged horse.

Dem. The allegory of this fable I perspicuously laid
open in an oration newly penn'd. If you please, I will
relate it.

Pseud. Thou orator, care thou for thy metaphores:
Perseus, whats that to thee? the horses name
Was Pegasus.

Gelas. Yes, I remember't well.
What was his name saidst thou?

Pseud. Pegasus:
What if I know where Pegasus is fedde
With oates and hay?

Gelas. O witte worthy of immortalitie!

Pseud. One word's enough for a wise man:
Thou, mounted vppon Pegasus, shalt fly;
The shippe shall carry mee.

Lach. Let eache man take his place.

Stil. A place is a superficies concaue.

Speus. Or conuexe of a body ambient.

Herm. True, if it bee considered entitatiuely, not for-
mally.—

Before I leaue, Ile make these termes threedbare:
Now, as I liue, they cost mee twenty pounds. [*Aside.*]

Eutr. Some one bring water : these philosophers
Washt not their vncleane handes this day.

Stil. A litle inke adhæres in the superficies of my
nayle.

Speus. I writte the state of a quæstion this day,—
whether the heauens bee made of stones.

Stil. It is made of stones stoned, not stoning.

Dem. O Jupiter, hee speakes solœcismes !

Phil. Where is thy master ?

Lach. Heele bee here anon :
In the meane time sitte downe.

Gelas. Philargurus,
Thy hoary haire deserue the highest place.

• *Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O happy mee, equall to Joue himselfe !
I going touche the starres. Breake out, O joy,
And smother not thyselfe within my breast !
Soe many friends, soe many friends I see ;
Not one hathe falsifi'de his faith to mee.
What, if I am opprest with pouertie ?
And grieve doth vexe mee ? fortune left mee poore ?
All this is nothing : they releue my wants ;
The one doth promise helpe, another golde,
A thirde a friendly welcome to his house
And entertainment ; eache man actes his parte ;
All promise counsaile and a faithfull heart.

Gelas. Timon, thou art forgettefull of thy feast.

Tim. Why doe yee not fall to ? I am at home :
Ile standing suppe, or walking, if I please.—
Laches, bring here the artichokes with speede.—
Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
I'le drinke this cuppe, a healthe to all your healths !

Lach. Conuerte it into poison, O yee gods !
Let it bee ratsbane to them !

[*Aside.*

Gelas. What, wilt thou haue the legges or els the winge?

Eutr. Carue yee that capon. ✓

Dem. I will cutte him vp,
And make a beaste of him.

Phil. Timon, this healthe to thee.

Tim. Ile pledge you, sir.

These artichokes doe noe mans pallat please.

Dem. I loue them well, by Joue.

Tim. Here, take them, then!

[*Stones painted like to them; and throwes
them at them.*]

Nay, thou shalt haue them, thou and all of yee!

Yee wicked, base, perfidious rascalls,

Thinke yee my hate's soe soone extinguished?

[*TIMON beates HERM. about all the reste.*]

Dem. O my heade!

Herm. O my cheekes!

Phil. Is this a feaste?

Gelas. Truly, a stony one.

Stil. Stones sublunary haue the same matter with the
heauenly. ✓

Tim. If I Ioues horridde thunderbolte did holde
Within my hande, thus, thus would I darte it!

[*Hee hitts HERM.*]

Herm. Woe and alas, my braines are dashed out!

Gelas. Alas, alas, twill neuer bee my happe
To trauaile now to the Antipodes!
Ah, that I had my Pegasus but here!
I'de fly away, by Joue.

[*Exeunt [all except TIM. and LACH.]*]

Tim. Yee are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitall,
Nay, very diuells, hatefull to the gods.

Lach. Master, they are gone.

Tim. The pox goe with them ;
 And whatsoe're the horridde sounding sea
 Or earthe produces, whatsoe're accurs'd
 Lurks in the house of silent Erebus,
 Let it, O, let it all sprawle forth here ! here,
 Cocytus, flowe, and yee blacke foords of Styx !
 Here barke thou, Cerberus ! and here, yee troopes
 Of cursed Furies, shake your firy brands !
 Earth's worse than hell : let hell chaunge place with
 earth,

And Plutoes regiment^w bee next the sunne !

Lach. Will this thy fury neuer bee appeas'd ?

Tim. Neuer, neuer it ; it will burne for euer :
 It pleases mee to hate. Goe, Timon, goe,
 Banishe thyselfe from mans society ;
 Farther than hell fly this inhumane city :
 If there bee any exile to bee had,
 There will I hide my heade. [Exit.

Lach. Ile follow thee through sword, through fire, and
 deathe ;
 If thou goe to the ghosts, Ile bee thy page,
 And lacky thee to the pale house of hell :
 Thy misery shall make my faith excell. [Exit.

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA 1^{ma}.

GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS, EUTRAPELUS,

PÆDIO.

Gelas. My bootes and spurrs are on, all thinges ready ;
 Only I want my flying Pegasus.

Pseud. But staye awhile, till he hath eate his haye :
 Would'st haue him carrye thee three hundred myles
 Without a bayte ?

Gelas. Pædio, bidd the smyth view Pegasus,
 Yf any nayles be wanting in his shoes,
 Or yf his hoofes neede paring.

^w *regiment*] i. e. rule, sway.

Eutr. How circumspectly proud is he !

Pseud. When thou art mounted vp aloft into
The middle region of th' aire, a hill
Hangs on the right hand, on the left a rock ;
Direct thy course iust in the middle waye.

Gelas. Betweene the rock and hill ; I apprehend.

Pseud. There rocky Ætna swells, breathes out his
flames :

Take heede least Pegasus there put his ffoote.

Eutr. The middle region of th'aire is couldest :
If thou art wise, at Ætna warme thy hands.

Pseud. Hould thou thie tounge.—
Ætna being left, flye to Pindus hill ;
On right and left hand there thou shalt behould
The Mamaluccian inhabitants.
Them and their citties and their regions
Thou soone shalt ouerpasse, and at the length
The Milky Waye thou shalt espie ; keepe that ;
That way will bringe thee to the Zodiaque.
There thou maist lodge all night, yf that thou please,
That cittie hath twelue inns for travaylours ;
Taurus, or Gemini, Cancer, Leo,
Or Virgo, yf you please, chouse which thou wilt ;
But dost thou heare me, Gelasimus ?
By noe meanes lodge thou in Aquarius.

Gelas. Why soe ?

Pseud. Because that liquour is to weake.

Gelas. What, doe they hang vp signe posts at their
dores ?

Pseud. Yes.

Gelas. That's well : Ile inn at the Virgine.

Pseud. Heere, take this paper ; this will shew the
way,

And all the distances from place to place.

[*He giues him a paper.*]

Eutr. Ha, ha, he !

Dost thou beleive such foolish fictions,
Soe meerelie comicall ?

Pseud. H'st, peace ! parte of the prey shall come to
thee :

See'st thou not this Gould ?

[*He reades.*

Gelas. From Athens to Ætna sixtie fower myles.
From Ætna to Pyndus eightie one myle and a halfe.
From Pindus to the Mamuluccs 59 myles. From the
Mamuluccs to the Tingitanes 16^{teene} myles and a litle
more. From the Tingitanes vp to the Zodiaque 23.

There I will inne. Well, where must I goe next daye ?

From the Zodiaque downe to the pleasant ffeildes of
Thessalie 57.

There I will pick a posye of sweete flowers.

From the pleasant feilds of Thessalie to Gurgustidonia
24 and somewhat more. From Gurgustidonia to the Squil-
magians 83. From the Squilmagians to the Pigmies 80
myles and a halfe. From the Pigmies to the Antipodes
90 short myles.

Pseudocheus,

Thou promisedst to write a chronicle
Of all thy travayles : prythee, haue a care
My travayles may be registred therein,
And lett that booke be my rare monument.

Eutr. He is ambitious : how he desires
To haue his folly made immortal !

Dem. If thou wilt, Ile notifie it sufficientlie to the
people. [To GELAS.

Gelas. Will you ? — Pseudocheus, reward the oratour.
—What, canst thou amplifie ?

✓ *Dem.* Demosthenes could neuer paint a thinge out
better in his collours. Thus I beginne. A journey is
vndertaken ; but of whome ? of a younge man. Of what

manner of man? not of a begger, but of one that yett is endued with the goodes of ffortune and body.—This is called the circumstance of the person: lett vs now come to the circumstance of the place.—What is th'end of his jorney? not Sparta, not Thebes, not Myteline it selfe; but he travailes to the Antipodes, the remotest region beneath the earth. What is the cause impulsive? not marchaundize, not rapine, not warr, not——

Gelas. Egregious orator, it is enough:
Howers haue wings, they quickly flye away;
And 'tis noe wisemans parte to make delayes.
Farewell, my ffreinds, for a long tyme farwell.

Eutr. Joue giue thy voyage ffortunate successe!

Dem. Goe that thou mai'st retorne; retorne that thou mai'st goe; maist thou not perish by the way thou goest!
farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA 2^{da} ACT. QUINTI.

Enter TIMON and LACHES with 3 spades^x in their hands.

Tim. Begon, I saye: why dost thou follow me?
Why art thou yett soe instant?

Lach. Faith commaunds.

Tim. Faith! what is faith? where doth shee hide her head,

Vnder the rise or setting of the sunn?

Name thou the place.

Lach. Here, in this brest.

Tim. Thou liest.

There is noe faith; tis but an idle name,

A shaddowe, or nearer vnto nothing,

If any thinge.

Lach. Lett me but followe thee.

^x 3 spades] One being required for Gelasimus: see what follows.

Tim. If thou wilt follow me, then chainge thy shape
Into a Hydra that's in Lerna bred,
Or some strainge monster hatcht in Affrica ;
Bee what thou art not, I will hugg thee then :
This former face I hate, detest, and flye.

Lach. What is the reason thou dost hate me thus ?
Is this the recompence for all my paynes ?

[He discovers himselfe.]

Thou heretofore did'st turne me forth of dores,
When I did giue thee true and good advice :
Doth the same fury now possesse thye mynd ?
What wickednesse doth make me soe abhor'd ?

Tim. Thou art a man, that's wickednesse enough ;
I hate that fault ; I hate all humane kinde,
I hate myselfe, and curse my parents ghosts.

Lach. Doth greife and rage thus ouerflowe their
bancks ?

When will they ebbe ?

Tim. Thou sooner shalt vnite
Water to ffyre, heau'n to hell, darke to light :
My mynd is constant with a burning hate,
And knowes [not] how to chainge. Forsake me, then ;
I thee desire my ffoe, and not my mate.

Lach. Thinck mee thy foe, soe that thou suffer me
To be thy mate : noe hardnes I'll refuse ;
If thou commaund, my parents I'll despise,
Thou soe commaunding, will them euer hate.

Tim. Thou hast prevayled, be thou then my mate ;
But thou must suffer me to hate thee still :
Touch not our hand ; and exercise thie spade
In the remotest parte of all the ground.
O Joue that darts't thy peircing thunderboults,
Lett a dire comett with his blazing streames
Threaten a deadly plague from heau'n on earth !

Lach. Lett seas of bloudshedd ouerflow the earth !

Tim. Men, woemen, children perish by the sword !

Lach. Lett funerall follow funerall, and noe parte
Of this world ruyne want !

Tim. Lett greife teeme greife,
And lett it be a punishment to lyue !

Lach. Lett harvest cease !

Tim. Lett riuers all wax drye,
The hunger pyned parent eate the sonne !

Lach. The sonne the parent !

Tim. All plauges fall on this generacion,
And neuer cease ! Heare me, O, heare me, Joue !

Εμειὸ ζῶντος γαῖα μυχθήτω πυρί,

Lett Atlas burthen from his shoulders slide,
And the whole ffabrick of the heauens fall downe ! ✓

While Timon lyues, yea, now while Timon prayes,
Returne, earth, into thy former chaos !

Lett neuer sunn shyne to the world againe,

Or Luna with her brothers borrow'd light !

Lett Timon see all theis things come to passe !

Such a reuenge best fitts such wickednesse.

[TIMON *diggs at one end of the stage,*
and LACHES at the other.

SCENA 3^a ACT. QUINTI.

*Enter GELASIMUS booted and spurd, with a watch in one
hand and a riding rodd in th'other.*

Gelas. Hee bad me should expect my Pegasus
In theis same feilds ; I wounder hee's not come.—

† *Εμειὸ ζῶντος, &c.*] “Sed nec populo, aut mœnibus patriæ, [Nero]
pepercit. Dicente quodam in sermone convivii,

’Εμειὸ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθήτω πυρί’

‘immo’, inquit, *’εμειὸ ζῶντος.* Planeque ita fecit. Nam, quasi
offensus deformitate veterum ædificiorum et angustiis flexurisque
vicorum, incendit urbem,” &c. Suetonius,—*Nero*, C. 38. Some
critics have supposed the Greek to be a quotation from a lost drama
of Euripides.

Sirrah, thou digger, did'st thou see this day
A wynged horse here ?

Tim. Thee, Joue confound thee,
Who e're thou art ! hell swallow thee aliue,
And be tormented there among the sprites !

Gelas. What['s] this ? vse rusticks thus to rage and
curse ?

I'le aske this other man.—All hayle, good man.

Lach. I will not ; I had rather be sick than be the
healthier for thy salutacion. I beseech Joue that some
euill end may betyde !

Gelas. Now, as I liue, this thinge is very strainge :
Perchaunce theis men haue stolne away my horse.
He aske one question more.—

Leades this way to Pyræum, I pray you ?

Tim. This way leade thee to the gallowes !

[He throwes dust on him.]

Gelas. O, most base deede, to dusty my new cloathes !
By Joue, by Joue, I'de sue thee at the lawe,
If I went not to the Antipodes.

Enter PÆDIO, with a cappe made with asses eares.

Pæd. Where shall I fynd my master ?

Gelas. What's the newes ? speake ; here I am.

Pæd. Pseudocheus is shippt and gone to sea,
And sent to thee this guift. *[Deliuers him the capp.]*

Gelas. Oh, oh, my gould !
My Pegasus, my gould, my Pegasus !
What shall I doe ? which shall I first lament ?

[He puts the capp [on].]

Tim. What sweete content delighteth thus my eares ?
Noe harmony's soe sweete as humane teares.
Water thye cheekes, and lett thyne eyes gush out
Whole seas of teares ; weepe, sigh, mourne, and com-
plaine.

What, art thou wretched, and desirest to dye?
 Ile tell thee where are wild beasts, where's the sea,
 Where's a steepe place vpon a stony rock
 Thats scytuated on a mountaine high,
 And vnderneath the roaring sea doth swell:
 Wilt thou goe thither? drowne thyselfe from thence?
 Ile be thy guide, and helpe thee at a push,
 And when thou fall'st into the lowest hell,
 I will reioyce. What say'st thou, wilt thou dye?

Gelas. I am already dead.

Tim. Thee therefore will I on theis shoulders beare;
 Thy graue is made.

[He offers to bury him in the earth he had digged.]

Gelas. O, suffer me a while
 To walke like to a shaddowe on the earth!
 Or, yf thou be soe pleasd, Ile digg with thee.

Tim. Put of theis asses eares.

[He giues him a spade.]

Gelas. Theis were the true armes of my graundfather.*

[He puts of his cap.]

Tim. Soe maist thou wander as a laughing stock
 Throughout the cittie, and be made a scoffe,
 A noted fable to the laughing people!
 A fitt reward for this thy foolishnes.

Gelas. Nothing greiues me soe much as that I may not
 marry the daughter of the kinge of the Antipodes.

Tim. Follow your asses function, bend downe thy back;
 Thou shalt haue some flynt stones for thy paynes.

Gelas. I am very patient. O, where haue you putt
 my owne proper heade? I would not loose it willinglie.

Pæd. Master, I tooke you for an Athenian; I see now
 thou art become an Arcadian. Other busynes calls me
 hence; I pray you, gyue me leaue to leaue you.

* armes of my graundfather.] See p. 11.

Gelas. Yf my acquaintance meete thee by the waye,*
Tell them that Pegasus gaue me a fall. [*Exit PÆDIO.*]

Tim. Againe with this my spade Ile wound the earth.
[*He diggs.*]

Why do'st not gape, and open thy wide chincks?
Spew out thy vapours, and a blustering noyse
Of winds breake forth thy adoperted denns?
Whats this? I am amaz'd! what doe I see?

[*He fynds gould.*]

Sp[?]endour of gould reflects vpon myne eyes:
Is Cynthia tralucent^b in the darke?
Where shall I turne myne eyes? What, shall I hide
My new found treasure vnderneath the earth,
Or shall I drowne it in the ocean?
Though all the world loue thee, Timon hates thee:
Ile drowne thee in the seas profunditie.

[*He offers to goe drowne it.*]

Lach. Stay, master, stay; where runn you headlong
thus?

Tim. To drowne the ruine of the world and me.

Lach. The gods would haue thee to be fortunate.

Tim. Figge for the gods! I wilbe miserable.

Lach. Wilt thou be wretched of thy owne accord?

Tim. Vnder bright gould lurks wretched miserie;
I speake it by experience.

Lach. Vnder bright gould publique reuenge doth
lurke:

Keepe it, yf you are wise, keepe it, I saye;
Thus maist thou be reueng'd of thy false freinds,
Exterminating them owt of thie dores.

Tim. Thou hast prevayled, Laches.

* meete thee by the waye.] MS. "meete thee by thee by the waye."

^b tralucent.] i. e. translucent (a common form of the word in early writers.)

Farr from the cittie is a desart place,
 Where the thick shaddowes of the cypresse trees
 Obscure the daye light, and madge howlett whoopes :
 That as a place Ile chuse for my repose.
 Lett that day be vnfortunate wherein
 I see a man ! thee alsoe will I flye,
 As^c ffearfull of thee.

Lach. I will followe thee.

Tim. Thy loue doth vex me : Timon hates all men,
 Yea, I detest them with a deadlie hate ;
 Neither the gods themselues doe I affect.^d

[*Exeunt TIM. and LACH.*]

Gelas. O, yee good people, what will become of me ?
 My land is sould, and all my gould is fledd,
 And nothing left me but this asses heade.
 O Pseudocheus, worst of travellers,
 Hast thou thus cheated thy Gelasimus ?
 Is this the wedding thou didst promise me ?
 Is this my Pegasus ? I am vndone ;
 A noble gentleman of the Goulden Hill,
 The only propp and pillar of his howse,
 Gelasimus by name, is quite vndone.
 Graunt me, O Fortune, graunt me one request,
 And tell me whether thou wilt, yea or noe !
 Fyve or six talents poure downe suddenlie
 Into my hands, or hayle them on my heade !
 What sayst thou ? art thou deafe as thou art blinde ?
 Timon pul'd gould out from the earthes close iawes :
 What yf I alsoe digg ? Come hither, spade ;
 Digg out some gould, good spade.

^c *As.*] MS. "Of."

^d *affect.*] i. e. love.

SCEN. 4^a. ACT. QUINTI.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS.

Herm. The ayre is temperate ; lets walke awhile in theis ffeilds.

Gelas. What company is this ? Ile putt on this my proper head againe least they knowe me. [*Aside.*]

Stil. Aristotle in his Meteorologicke, and the xv^{teene} page as I remember, defendeth *παράδοξ et ἀρμονος*.^e

Herm. Neither canst thou disproue him, ffor the Lord Paradox and the Lord Atropos perchaunce were^f Aristotles freinds. Why walkes Speusippus soe ?

Stil. Hee is a peripatetick.

Speus. Ile defend Aristotle to the death, yea, Ile sweare punctually to all hee writes.

Stil. Sweare thy hart out, Ile saye againe and againe that Aristotle was a blockhead ; besides his beard, he had not one hayre of learning.

Speus. Stirr not vp my choller.

Stil. I defyne a peripateticke : a peripatetick is a two legd living creature, gressible, vnfeathered, of an vnshorne heade, a writhled beard, beetle browed, of a shallowe witt.

Speus. Ile not endure this disgrace.

Stil. What wilt thou doe ? wilt thou fight, peripatetick ?

Speus. A man may fight 2. manner of wayes, either *eminus* with his tounge, or *cominus* with his hands : Ile fight with the[e] *eminus* with my tounge. A peripatetick is not rightly defined ; goe !

Herm. O Joue immortall, what spectacle see I !

GELAS. sings.

Come, come, O come, Melpomene !

Singe dolefull elegies with me ;

Bewayle my heavy destinie,

Most detestable !

^e *παράδοξ et ἀρμονος*] So in MS. And see the next speech.

^f *were*] MS. "where."

*With incke thats blacke on paper white,
Both morning, noone, and eke at night,
My fate, my life, my death endite,*

Most lamentable !

*Lett stoare of teares bedew thy face,
Breake sighings from thy heart apace ;
Gelasimus is in a case*

Most miserable !

Herm. A prodigie, a prodigie ! an asse sings.

Stil. The worke of nature is either ordinary, or extraordinary ; this is an extraordinary asse.

Herm. Soe the gods loue [me], what fayre ears hath he !

Speus. As well according to the longitude as latitude.

Herm. Heare, thou asse ; who hyred thee to digg this ground ?

Gelas. My master.

Herm. Who'es thy master ?

Gelas. Hee that hyred me.

Herm. Art not thou an asse ?

Gelas. Do'st thinck me such an asse as to confesse my selfe an asse ?

Herm. By Joue, who could haue made a wyser answer ?

Stil. Except me and Plato, and ^ε noe man could.

Speus. Hee's an asse materially, not formally.

Stil. Or partiallie, not totallie.

Speus. I'le resolute it in one word ; hee's an asse logically and capitally, not phisikallie and animallie.

Gelas. Philosophers, I will decide this controuersy. Yee say that I am an asse.

Stil. Wee say not soe absolutely, but according to some transcendentall respect.

^ε and] Seems to have been inserted by mistake.

Speus. Haue yee the state of the question in brevitie thus. Wee say thou art an asse transcendentallie, not prædicamentally, that is (to expresse my selfe), reason not reasoning, but reasoned.

Gelas. Well, wincke awhile, and yee shall see a wonderfull metamorphosis.

[*w . .^h* and he put . . capp on [STILPO's] head.

Herm. This philosopher is chainged into an asse.

Stil. A chainge is made either essentially or accidentallie ; I am made an asse accidentallie.

Herm. Art not thou in the ayre, Gelasimus ?
Where's Pegasus, wherevpon thou mounted,
Booted and spur'd, fled'st to the Antipodes ?

Gelas. The skittish iade threw me from out the clouds
Downe headlong on the earth.

Herm. O cruell fate !

Gelas. Soe it did please my euill spiritt : but
Buy, yf thou please, my bootes and gilded spurrs ;
Ile henceforth goe a foote.

Herm. What company comes hitherwards ?

[TIMON, PHIL., CALL., BLAT., EUTR., DEM.,¹
and LACH. passing ouer the stage.

Gelas. Timon hath found a mightie heape of gould :
See, see how many clyents follow him !

Herm. Come, lett vs alsoe in among the rest ;
Perchaunce wee shall obteyne our former grace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VLT. ACT. VLT.

Enter TIMON, PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE,
GELASIMUS, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS, LACHES,
STILPO, and SPEUSIPPUS.

Tim. What company is this that followes mee ?
What would yee haue ?

^h *w, &c.*] Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

¹ *Dem.*] This name ought to be omitted : see p. 91.

Lach. They follow thee as crows doe carrion.

Call. My Timon, why turn'st thou away thye face ?
I loue thee better then myne eyes or soule :
Do'st thou dispise my loue ?

Tim. Thou can'st not wynn me with thy flattering
tounge :

Peace, peace, thou queane ! I sooner will receaue
Megæra to my bedd, a hissing snake
Into my bosome.

Phil. Timon, good Timon, be not soe perverse ;
Drowne all things that are past in Lethes fflowd :
I willinglie gyue thee my Calimele
To be thye wyfe.

Tim. Giue her to Cerberus,
Or to the Furies, to be tost in hell.

Blat. Timon, behould that face, how fayre it is ;
A dainty girle, neate and compleate throughout ;
Now, verylie, thou hast a stony hart,
If that face moue thee not : hould ; embrace her,
Fasten sweete kisses on her cherry lipps.
What, yf shee cast thee of ? the falling out
Of louers doth renewe and strenghten loue :
Soe, when I was a girle, I did reiect
Those woers whome I lou'd most heartely.

Tim. Why vrge yee me ? my hart doth boyle with
hate,

And will not stoope to any of your lures :
A burnt childe dreads the ffyre.

Call. My hony, at the last be reconcild ;
Bee not soe angry : sweete loue, be merry.

Blat. Hee hath a face like one's that is at cack,
Hee lookes soe sowerlie.

Tim. Is it this gould that doth allure your eyes ?

Phil. Now, as I liue, 'tis very glorious ;
How like to fyre it shynes !

Herm. It b[l]yndes my eyes.

Tim. Art thou in loue with this gould, Callimele ?
Thou, then, shalt marry it, kisse it sweetelie ;
And it shall lye with thee in bedd.

Call. Ile not refuse what Timon doth commaund :
It shall lodge with me, yf you please.

Lach. If gould
Gett children of thee, who shall father them ?

Phil. Ile take a course for that ; it shalbe gelt.

Lach. Yes, geld it, yf thou doe fynd it in thy daughters
bedd. —

Master, good master, part not with that gould.

Phil. Timon, wilt thou dine at my house this day ?

Lach. Hee baites his hooke to gaine some of thy
golde ;

I know this fellowes crafty pollicy.

Tim. Philargurus, doth this golde please your eies ?

Phil. O my delight, my humor radicall,
My healthe, thou art farre brighter than the sunne !
My youth returnes, my bearde doth budde afreshe,
When I beholde thee, my felicity :
Let mee embrace thee and kisse the[e] awhile.

Lach. Tis vertue to abstaine from pleasing things :
Abstaine, good olde man ; doe your fingers itche ?

Tim. Thou yesterday thy daughter didst commaunde
To parte from mee, and to forsake my side ;
I was a begger worse than any dogge.

Herm. Worse than a snake, than the diuell himselte :
O base and most abhominable olde man,
Durst hee abuse braue generous Timon ?

Phil. I was a dotarde, and a lier too,
When I soe saide : thou art another Joue.

Eutr. Away, thou mony-monging cormorant !
Thou art not worthy to see Timons face.

Herm. No, nor to wipe his shoes ; away, stinkarde !

Blat. Thou wicked knaue, Ile scratche out both thine eies,

If thou provoke my master with such words.

Tim. Yee crows, yee vultures, yee doe gape in vaine :
I will make duckes and drakes with this my golde ;
Ile scatter it and sowe it in the streetes,
Before your fingers touch a piece thereof.

Herm. O sweetest Timon, let mee kisse thy feete !
So loue mee Joue, I'me gladde to see thee well :
I am your seruante ; what is't you commaunde ?
Impose that burthen that doth trouble thee
Vppon my shoulders.

Lach. O most noble fidler,
A fidle is a fitter fardle for thy backe !

Eutr. Tauernes want takings, and vintners doe breake,
Now thou absentst thyselfe : forsake the woods,
Frequent the citie ; wee be iouiall,
Play the good fellowes.

Tim. O faithfull friends, in all my miseries
What whirlewinde tooke yee all away from mee ?

Herm. Ile followe thee through fire to finde thee
out,
To doe my Timon good.

Tim. I know thy faith,
Thy hollow heart how full of holes it is.

Eutr. Thou alsoe well dost knowe my faithfullnesse :
I hate these double hollow hearted men,
Whose tongues and hearts consent not both in one.

Lach. Another Pylades !

Gelas. Timon, beholde mee alsoe ; I am one
Of your retinue.

Enter DEMEAS.

Dem. Giue mee free passage ; yee knowen and vn-
knownen persons, gette yee out of my way, least, as I goe,

I offende any with my heade, my elbowe, or my breaste.

Lach. Vnlesse thy hornes offende, I nothing feare.

Dem. Wher's Athens piller? wher's my glory? wher's Timon? Thou hast blest myne eyes, now I see thee. Joue saue thee, who art the defence of Greece, and the whole worlds delight! the court and countrey both salute thee.

Lach. Thye eyes are purblynd; dost thou know this man?

Dem. Dost thinck me of soe weake a memory?—Heare, my humane Jup[iter], the decree that I haue written concerning thee before the Areopig[ites].

[*He takes^j a pa[per] out of his [pocket, and reads]*]

Whereas Timon, the sonne of Echeratides the Collitensian, a champion and a wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympick games—

Tim. But I as yett neere saw th' Olympick games.

Dem. What of that? that makes noe matter; thou shalt see them hereafter.

Tim. I neere as yett bore armes out of Athens.

Dem. But thou shalt in the next warr,—*ffor their causes it seemes good to the court and the commonwealth, to the magistrates seuerallie, to the plebeians singulerlie, to all vniuersallie, to place Timon in Pallas Temple, houlding a goulden thunderbolt in his hand.* Demeas spake this suffragie because he was Timons disciple, for Timon is alsoe easily the prince^k of rhetoric; in my orations I vse to vse his metaphores.

Herm. Peace, oratour; wee alsoe ought to speake.

Dem. Would I had brought my litle sonne with me, whome I haue called Timon after thy name.

Tim. How canst thou? for thy wyfe had neuer a child.

^j *He takes, &c.*] Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

^k *easily the prince*] A Latinism,—*facile princeps*.

Dem. But shee shall haue, and that that shalbe borne shalbe a man child, and that man child shalbe named Timon.

Tim. Well hast thou said. Dissembling hypocrites, Thinke yee that I will bee deceaued thus?

Call. My Timon, my husband!

Phil. My sonne in lawe!

Herm. My Mæcenas!

Eutr. My protector!

Dem. My sublunary Jupiter!

Lach. Thou asse, why braist thou not among the reste?

Gelas. Seest thou me not a woiing of this maide Of 80 yeares?—What say you, my Blatte? Art thou inflam'd with thy Gelasimus?

If thou wilt haue mee, Ile not seeke a wife Mong the Antipodes: what saies my chicke, My loue?—Sweete Timon, giue thy asse some golde, To buy some toy for this olde pretty maide.

Stil. Plato in his Acrostikes saith, it is better to giue than receaue.

Speus. Neither doth Aristotle dissent from Plato in his first of the Metaphysicks, the last text saue one.

Stil. Euery agent doth resuffer in his action. Wilt thou giue? so thou shalt receaue: wilt thou receaue? then giue. This therefore is the state of the quæstion: Timon is the terminus from whom; I the philosopher the terminus to whom; Timons hande is the medium, which mediating first from himselfe generating, then by remouing the impediment, gold is moued with a motion vniformally from Timon to mee in an instant.

Tim. Why vexes yee mee, yee Furies? I protest, And all the gods to witnesse inuocate, I doe abhorre the titles of a friende,

Of father, or companion. I curse
 The ayre yee breathe ; I lothe to breathe that aire ;
 I grieve that these mine eyes should see that sunne,
 My feete treade on that earthe yee treade vpon.
 I first will meete Joue thundring in the clouds,
 Or in the wide deuouring Scylla's gulfe
 Or in Charybdis I will drowne myselfe,
 Before Ile shew humanity to man.

[*He beates them with his spade.*]

Lach. Master, wilt thou that I driue them away ?
 See how well arm'd I am !

Tim. Drive them to hell,
 That Timons eies may neuer see them more.

Phil. O Timon,¹ * * * * *
 To bee thus handled ?

Herm. Why dost thou * * *

Dem. Oh, wilt thou drive away thy orator ?
 Haue I not a decree concerning thee ?

Lach. I am your driuer : hoi, gee ! hence, away !—
 What, stand yee idle, my foolcosophers ?—
 Thou fidler, play the hunts vp^m on thy fidle ;
 Dost thou not see how they beginne to daunce ?

Gelas. Sweete Timon,
 Breake thou my heade with one small piece of gold.

[*Laches strikes him.*]

Oh, oh !

Lach. Get yee before mee, then ;—bee gone, I say :
 Thus I willⁿ follow [yee to] Athenes [aye].

[*Exeunt omnes [except TIMON].*]

¹ *O Timon, &c.* Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

^m *the hunts vp*] Properly,—a tune to rouse and call together the sportsmen in a morning.

ⁿ *Thus I will, &c.*] The transcriber has carelessly omitted some words in this line.

TIMON. Epilogue.

I now am left alone ; this rascall route
Hath left my side. What's this ? I feele throughout
A sodeine change ; my fury doth abate,
My hearte growes milde, and laies aside its hate.
Ile not affecte newe titles in my minde,
Or yet bee call'd the hater of mankinde :
Timon doffs Timon, and with bended knee
Thus craues a fauour,—if our comedie
And merry scene deserue a plaudite,
Let louing hands, loude sounding in the ayre,
Cause Timon to the citty to repaire.

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